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THE  
**GRAPHIC.**  
AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER.



PRICE NINEPENCE

# THE GRAPHIC

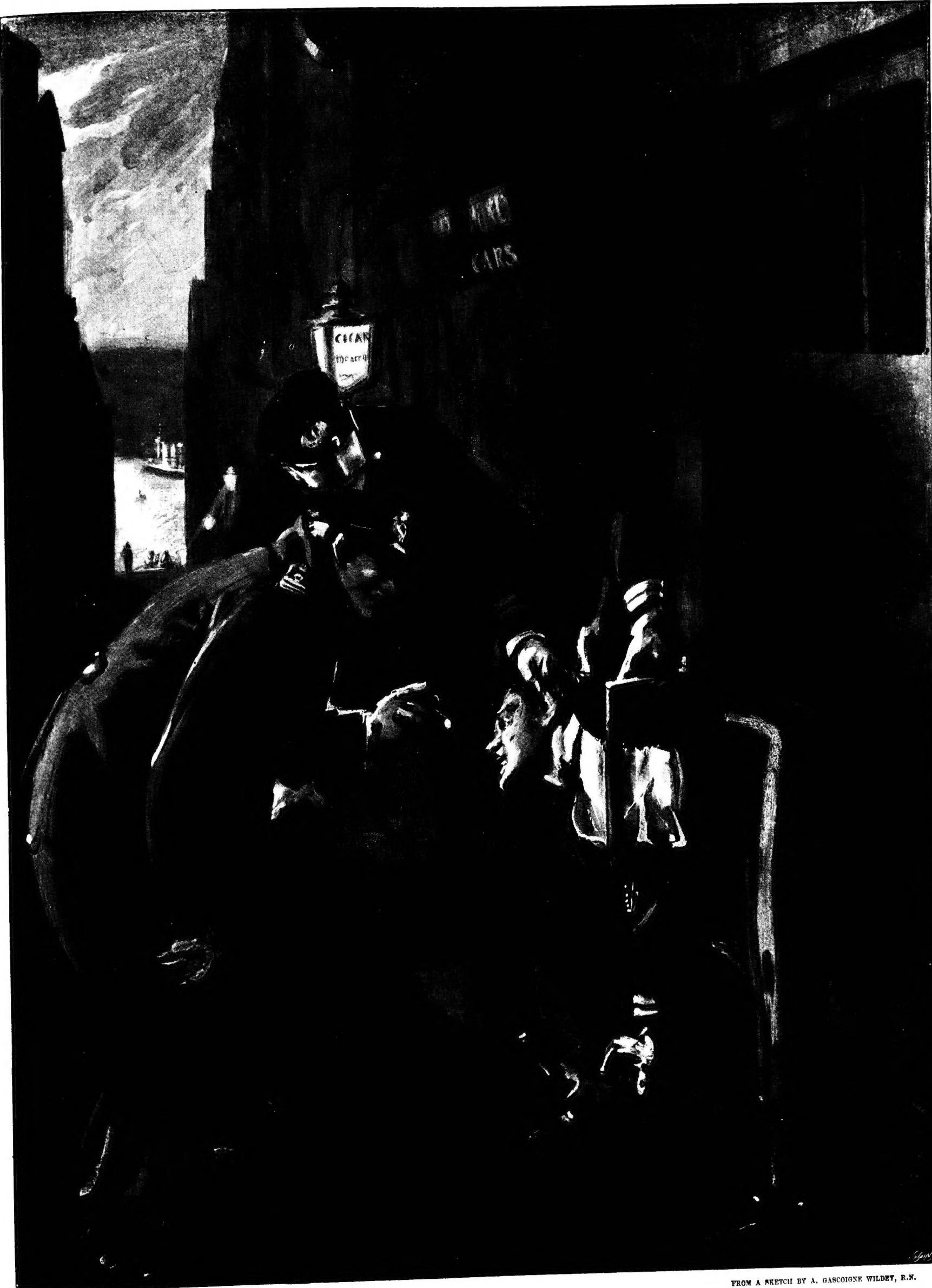
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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FROM A SKETCH BY A. GASCOIGNE WILDEY, R.N.

DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL

An old Naval custom is going through "Promotion Hook" on San Giovanni Steps at Malta. It dates back to a time before the days of Nelson, who is said himself to have passed through the hook. To the great regret of Naval officers the hook has been removed on account of alterations in the premises to which it is attached. Many Naval officers at present serving have passed through the hook each time they

succeeded in gaining a step in rank. The performance used to take place after the opera or after a ball at the Palace, since superstition demanded that the ceremony should be carried out in uniform befitting so important an occasion

A WAY THEY HAVE IN THE NAVY: GOING THROUGH "PROMOTION HOOK"

## Topics of the Week

**The Crisis in the Far East** THE Far Eastern question is upon us with a vengeance. China has practically declared war on the Powers, and it will not be long, perhaps, before the Powers will have to take in hand the

destinies of the Chinese Empire. The immediate developments of the crisis need not cause us any anxiety, except, of course, for the up-country Europeans who are at the mercy of the inflamed Chinese populace. The war which the Dowager-Empress and her infatuated *entourage* of Manchus have so lightly invited is not an enterprise on which any one European Power need look with misgiving, much less a confederacy of Europe assisted by the United States and Japan. Only the inscrutable arrogance and ignorance of the Mandarins could have been guilty of the insane folly of defying such a combination. That the military operations will extend over a wide area is very doubtful. It must be remembered that the Chinese Government is a Manchu Government, and that its hold upon the Chinese people is not very strong.

It is distinctly an alien Government, and its destruction will not cause a popular upheaval on any formidable scale. Of course, if the Empress and her army manage to escape from Peking the military operations may become somewhat protracted, but even then the problem, from a strictly military point of view, will be simple. The dangers which lurk in the crisis are connected with the settlement that will have to be arrived at after the Mandarins have been smashed. Territories will then be in the occupation of foreign troops, and it is not easy to secure the evacuation of such territories even if agreements providing for such contingencies have been previously arrived at. Then, again, there is the question of endowing the Empire with a new Government. Who is to succeed the present Empress? On this point there is certain to be considerable divergence of opinion. The proper course to pursue would be to reinstate the Emperor; but would all the Powers agree to this? It is very doubtful. The Emperor with his reforming views would be certain to incline to this country and Japan, and we may rely upon it that Russia does not intend to acquiesce in any settlement which would make for an increase of British influences at Peking. Moreover, with all his excellent intentions the Emperor is a weak man, and if China is to be rescued from the perils which beset her she must have a strong hand at the helm. Where is this hand to be found? These are some of the rocks ahead which render the present crisis a very serious affair. There is the gravest possible risk of international complications, and it is to be hoped that this country, which has so much at stake in the Far East, will be prepared to adequately safeguard its interests.

**The Relief of Kumasi** THE Ashanti rising has now assumed dimensions fully justifying the despatch of the large reinforcements already either arrived or *en route*.

At first there appeared nothing worse to apprehend than a few trifling fights, followed by the submission of the recalcitrant tribes. But other tribes quickly caught fire, and the ill success of our attempts to rescue the imprisoned garrison at Kumasi appears to have been interpreted as a proof that the English were played out as a fighting race. This crude belief probably originated in our employment of Haussas and other black soldiery to do our work; previous expeditions against the Ashantis were largely composed of white troops. At present it would be all one whether the one colour or the other were put in evidence on behalf of British supremacy; our weakness does not lie nearly so much in deficiency of fighting men as in deficiency of carriers. Owing to the flooded state of the whole country beyond the Praha, the porters—the only available transport—must be very lightly loaded; that means, of course, that a couple will have to do the work that one can easily perform during the dry season. Nor is that all; there is also only too much likelihood that when the carriers learn the full extent of the rising, and see the comparative smallness of the force assembled for its suppression, many will drop their burdens and hide in the dripping bush until the column has passed. Fortunately, the officer in chief command, Colonel Willcocks, has had considerable experience of these timid men, and may be trusted to adopt all possible means to prevent their desertion. All the same, the danger has to be guarded against, and that can only be done by engaging a much larger number than would be needed if all could be trusted to carry their loads to the journey's end.

**The Khedive's Visit** ABBAS PASHA, the representative of the Pharaohs, is now among us, to testify to the friendship he feels towards the Power which, when the fortunes of his kingdom were at the lowest point, took prostrate Egypt by the hand and raised her out of the tangle of difficulties, financial and political, into which she had fallen. In all of our glorious history there is no more glorious page than that which records this miraculous

transformation of a nearly ruined country. No wonder, therefore, that the Khedive should have turned his back on the evil counsellors who egged him on, at one time, to quarrel with Great Britain; no wonder, either, that he should pay a visit to the people who, after freeing his kingdom from Turkish control, converting insolvency into solvency, and creating an efficient Egyptian Army out of what looked to be worthless materials, won back for him the enormous stretch of territory between Wady Halfa and the Great Lakes. He knows, of course, that we played this beneficent part as much in our own interest as in that of Egypt. But when rightly viewed those interests run together, and Abbas Pasha recognises this unification by paying his homage to the august head of the British Empire. Happily, too, he has such an enlightened mind now that it is no longer warped by treacherous tutelage as to afford warrant for anticipating that what he sees and hears during his stay among us will bring home to him afresh the value of the friendship and the protection of such a nation. We have done much for Egypt at the cost of many sacrifices; the Khedive may rest assured that we are ready and willing to do more, conditional on his Government rendering us loyal help in the endeavour. England is Egypt's trustee, and that sacred trust must be fulfilled, come what may.

**Sunstroke** BOTH inside and outside Parliament there has been too much of an assumption that it is only necessary to protect the head properly to safeguard against sunstroke. That is, of course, an essential precaution for Europeans, although both Africans and Asiatics think little of going about with uncovered heads in the hottest weather. But they are, as a rule, very careful to cover their loins, and Anglo-Indians copy from them in that particular of costume by wearing the cummurbund. A loose coat falling straight from the shoulders, well below the waist, fulfils the same purpose to some extent by interposing an air-chamber between the sun's rays and the spinal column. Experienced cyclists usually let their coats fly open when the sun is beating on their backs, but soldiers are debarred from the practice not only by the rigours of discipline, but by wearing belts over their coats. In their case, therefore, the only safeguard against sunstroke on the spinal cord would be some swathing beneath the uniform, such as an enlarged cholera belt reaching almost to the shoulder blade-bones. Supposing, however, that, in spite of all possible precautions, the obdurate sun wreaks vengeance on men who defy its power, what should be done? The moment the deadly faintness, the first stage, makes appearance a strong stimulant should be administered to revive vitality. It is not an infallible remedy; in the case of people previously in weak health, through either long illness or insufficient nourishment, there is little chance of recovery, do what one may. But to recur to the experiences of hot-weather cyclists, there is a mass of testimony that a glass of strongish grog taken on the instant generally produces the desired effect. If that be so a pocket-flask should be part of the equipment of every officer and non-commissioned officer on such occasions as the late fatal field day at Aldershot.

**MR. AKERS-DOUGLAS** has given the public fresh cause for gratitude by his resolve that the National Gallery shall no longer remain subject to the risk of fire from contiguous houses. That the present danger should have been allowed to endure so long is an excellent illustration of that stupider conservatism which is one of the features of the English character. Anybody who can see and think is capable of understanding that a priceless collection of pictures ought not to be housed in a building which is in actual contact with private dwelling-houses. But as it is only the property of the nation that is at stake, and only a lot of pictures that are concerned, few people trouble to look or to think at all, and the few that do can get no hearing. At last, the accident of having an energetic and capable Minister at the head of the Board of Works has rendered possible the removal of a danger that was a disgrace to the nation. It may be suggested to Mr. Akers-Douglas that while the iron is still hot he should strike again, and try and secure the removal of St. George's Barracks from the neighbourhood of the National Gallery, so as to secure a substantial open space on all sides of the combined buildings that hold our national collections of pictures and portraits. The addition to the architectural value, as well as to the safety of these buildings would be very considerable, nor would the removal of the barracks be any disadvantage to the Army. On the contrary, the present site of St. George's Barracks is neither convenient nor economical, and there are many obvious reasons why it is better for soldiers to be in the country than in London. The nation would probably save money, and the Army would certainly gain in efficiency if some of the other London barracks could also be removed, say, to Aldershot or the Curragh. Meanwhile, it is to be hoped that no time will be lost in pressing on with the preliminary reform that Mr. Akers-Douglas has announced, and that no Parliamentary delays will be allowed to stand in the way of the compulsory acquisition of the property that has to be pulled down before the National Gallery can be regarded as reasonably secure against fire.

## Club Comments

BY "MARMADUKE"

IN a few weeks from now it is almost certain that the position of Lord Roberts amongst the great generals of history will be discussed at length both in the newspapers and in the periodicals. It is a subject which is already providing conversation at dinners where those who take an intelligent interest in interesting subjects are gathered, and the discussions of the latter are generally a week or two in advance of the carefully prepared articles which are published in the quarterlies. The great age of Lord Roberts must not be overlooked, nor should it be ignored that he is handling a force which is far more numerous than any that British generals have commanded until now.

As it is difficult to see clearly an object which is too close to the eye, so it is difficult to realise the standard of greatness attained by a contemporary celebrity. Who is sufficiently daring at the moment to compare Lord Roberts to the great Duke of Wellington? Yet it may be that future historians will do that without the slightest misgiving. Lord Roberts has been uninterruptedly successful throughout his career, and has proved that he has courage and caution, that he is an organiser, that he has immense influence over those whom he commands, and that fortune is invariably on his side—the latter being the most essential quality, for it is the first duty of a general to be successful.

IT is curious how the death of a celebrity almost instantaneously alters the opinion of his or her value which has been prevalent. For many years Mrs. Gladstone, who died last week, was a very familiar figure at Liberal receptions and in Liberal drawing-rooms in the West End. To the vast majority of those who met her on these occasions the chief element of interest in Mrs. Gladstone was that she was the wife of Mr. Gladstone. But Mrs. Gladstone was a great deal more than that, and the world has perceived this now that she is gone. Mrs. Gladstone was a remarkable woman, who had many of the best qualities of the female character made more beautiful by careful training, joined to certain strong features which are more common among males. It is to be hoped that a life of Mrs. Gladstone will be written by someone who had the privilege of knowing her intimately.

THAT which is wonderful in London is so excessive that it overpowers that which is beautiful. This, however, does not alter the fact that there is much which is especially beautiful, perhaps more than in any other city in the world. Those who plan entertainments for Royal visitors should bear both elements in mind—which they seldom do. The Khedive and the Shah will soon be with us, and already the programmes of the entertainment awaiting them have been published. Why not drive these Eastern visitors from Chiswick to Clapton, through miles and miles of busy, crowded, prosperous thoroughfares, and let the immensity and the diversity of London bewilder them?

THEN conduct them over the Bank of England and show them the Holy of Holies of the Gold King, the centre to which the children of Mammon all the world over turn. Take them to Ranelagh Club and let them see the admirable combination of country and city which is to be found there on a Saturday afternoon. Of course, the banquet at Windsor Castle is always in the programme, and a more impressive entertainment could not well be contrived. The display of plate on such occasions is incomparable, and every foreign Royal personage who has been thus entertained admits that a banquet at Windsor has no rival. It must be remembered that we have but a microscopic Army to show, and that when wishing to impress our Royal guests we should make them see how rich and prosperous we are, and how large and populous are our cities.

WRITING of entertainments suggests another matter, to wit, that Lord Roberts will be even harder worked when he returns to England than he is in South Africa. What a multitude of addresses will be presented to him, how many cities will accord him their freedom, what a quantity of banquets he will have to attend, how he will be lionised, and what a multitude of swords of honour he will be called upon to accept. Lord Roberts is known to be of a retiring disposition, and it is probable that these unavoidable marks of popular favour will embarrass him considerably more than has the thunder of the enemy's big guns or the rattle of the musketry.

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CRANBOURN STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, W.C.

Managing Director, Mr. H. E. MOSS.

TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 8 p.m.

AN ENTERTAINMENT OF UNEXAMPLED BRILLIANCE.

## WOMAN'S EXHIBITION, 1900. EARL'S COURT

IMRE KIRALFY, Director-General.

The Band of the Grenadier Guards will play in the Western Gardens daily  
until further notice.

ADMISSION DAILY, 1s. Open 11 to 11.

An International Exhibition of Women's Work and Progress in Fine Arts, &c.

ELITE GRAND ORCHESTRA of 60 LADIES.

THE MAINE LADIES' NAVY ORCHESTRA.

THE SWEDISH HUSSAR LADIES' BAND.



'The Parting Shot.'

On 11 April, the Boers made a grand effort to crush Mafeking by a storm of shells from every side with 8 guns and 2 Maximos. For four hours they bombarded the town then finding no result they fired thirty high velocity shells (14 Pds) into the camp of the women and children. At last having gained courage at the silence of the Samson they began to advance on foot, but as one volley was sufficient for them: they finding the defenders were still alive as able to kick they retired with great alacrity, leaving five dead on the field. Then did Mafeking turn on them in her wrath, and having up her one-pounder Hotchkiss she let the enemy's big gun have it! The big gun had fired 70 shells this day. She replied with three at the Hotchkiss, but the stinging little one-pounds came crackling in a her every time; until she ceased firing. The Hotchkiss sent two more as if to ask "Have you had enough?" But the big gun never replied — and that night she withdrew from Mafeking in disgust after having expended ~~over~~ fifteen hundred 94 Pd. shells on the place.

FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT-GENERAL R. S. S. BADEN-POWELL  
SENT BY SPECIAL RUNNER TO BULAWAYO FROM MAPEKING TEN DAYS BEFORE THE RELIEF

### The Handel Festival

THE principal musical event of the present week is the Handel Triennial Festival, which commenced with the public rehearsal last Saturday, and will close to-day (Saturday) with a performance of *Israel in Egypt*. The inclusion of two of the Saturday half-holidays in the festival week is beyond question a judicious alteration, although its effect will probably be even still more marked if in 1903 it is decided to commence the Festival performances at three o'clock instead of one or two. Last Saturday huge gaps were seen in the ranks of the choir until after three o'clock, when the city men arrived. On Saturday the programme included the greater portion of the "Selection," or Thursday, programme, while of the other three days of the Festival proper Tuesday was allotted to the *Messiah*, the principal parts in which were performed by Madame Albani, Miss Clara Butt, Mr. Lloyd—who now makes his tenth and last appearance at a Handel Triennial Festival—and Mr. Santley, who, by the way, is the doyen of the Festival, the company of which he has been a member for no less a period than thirty-five years.

The band this year consists more than ever of amateurs, a large number of ladies also taking part, one of them summoning up sufficient courage to play an enormous pair of kettledrums. The band, of course, is not large enough to adequately balance a picked choral force of 3,000, which includes some of the best amateur vocalists in England, but otherwise it is quite equal to the average. As to the choir, Mr. Manns seemed to have repeated his triennial opinion that the present chorus is the finest he ever conducted, a judgment which, in regard to the basses, may perhaps be correct. The choir,

at any rate, are very well balanced, for they comprise 770 sopranos, 759 contraltos, 714 tenors, and 754 basses. This, with a band of about 500 players, makes up a total list of something like 3,500 performers, and of the whole party little more than 500 are professional artists, most of them being either band players or cathedral singers. The English may not, in the opinion of our foreign friends, be a musical nation, but, at any rate, at our Triennial Handel Festivals we prove pretty conclusively our supremacy as performers of oratorio. Indeed, some of the greatest foreign musicians and critics have more than once expressed their admiration and surprise at the splendid work done by amateurs at these Crystal Palace Festivals.

The work actually done at the public rehearsal on Saturday gave a very good indication of what might be expected during the week. Those who pretend that the employment of so large a vocal force renders nice attention to the minutiae of light and shade impossible, must have been wholly surprised by the performance of some, for example, of the great double and single choruses in *Israel in Egypt*. The truth is that Mr. Manns has superintended a large number of sectional rehearsals, the London contingent meeting once a week at Exeter Hall, the floor of which, by the way, they pretty well fill, while Mr. Manns has also been down to Sheffield, Birmingham, and other provincial towns to rehearse the local contingents on the spot. The great fugal "Amen," which, as it comes at the close of the "Messiah," is so rarely heard by people anxious to catch trains, was likewise magnificently rendered. The first portion of the "Selection" was devoted to certain numbers from *Judas Maccabeus*. The choice of this work, "in celebration of British victories in South Africa," is extremely felicitous, for it was originally written by

Handel in compliment to the Duke of Cumberland, and in celebration of the Battle of Culloden. The great choruses "Fallen is the Son" in which there was a wonderful bass lead, "We Hear," which follow a magnificent interpretation by Mr. Lloyd of "Sound an Alarum," "Sing Unto God," and the final "Hallelujah," which, although much less familiar, is almost as fine as its companion "Hallelujah" in the *Messiah*, were among the successes of the afternoon. The second part comprised selections from Handel's oratorios *Samson* and *Jephthah*, and from secular works such as *Acis and Galatea*—from which Mr. Edward Lloyd on Saturday sang charmingly the delicious air "Love in Her Eyes Sits Playing on Semeli," *L'Allegro*, and *Alcina*, while, as this year there is no organ concerto, two instrumental numbers were included, namely, a delicious minuet from *Berenice*, and the "Bourrée" from the "Water Muse," the beauties of which secured for Handel a pension of £200 a year. Mr. Manns conducted, as indeed he has done triennially ever since the late Sir Michael Costa was stricken with illness in 1883. Mr. Manns himself is now seventy-five years of age, but, although ripe in experience, in energy and vigour he is superior to many men much his junior.

### THE OPERA

The operatic arrangements have been rather upset by the illness of some of the artists, and more particularly of M. Jean de Reszke, who came here with a cold contracted in Paris, so this time the London fogs (which every foreigner believes to be thickest in June) are not to blame, and of Madame Calvé, who was expected a fortnight ago, but will not sing, at any rate, till next month so Miss Zélie de Lussan played Carmen, while Santuzza, in *Cavalleria Rusticana*,



FROM A SKETCH BY "G. G."

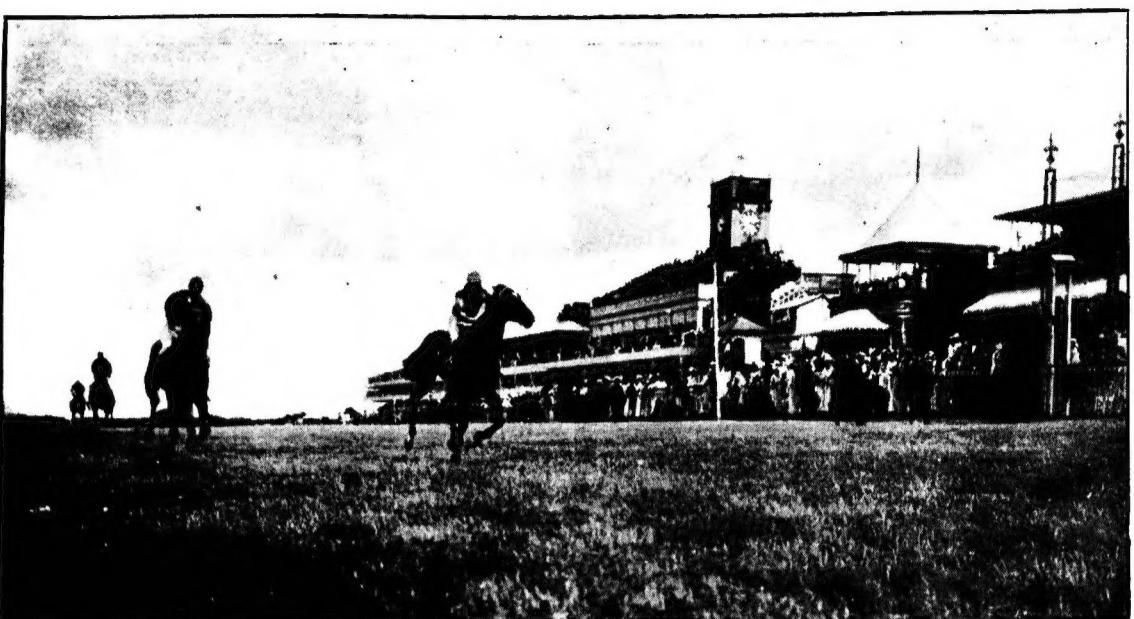
conspicuously near the end of the hill under a tree, or strolled up and down, seemingly indif-  
ferent to the shell which burst near him—*pour encourager les autres*, I suppose. The shelling  
ordered the Mounted infantry to turn the front of the enemy's position. The order was carried out  
and the turning movement combined forced the enemy speedily to abandon their position.

LORD ROBERT'S ADVANCE: THE TURNING MOVEMENT AT BRANDFORT ON MAY 3

DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.A.

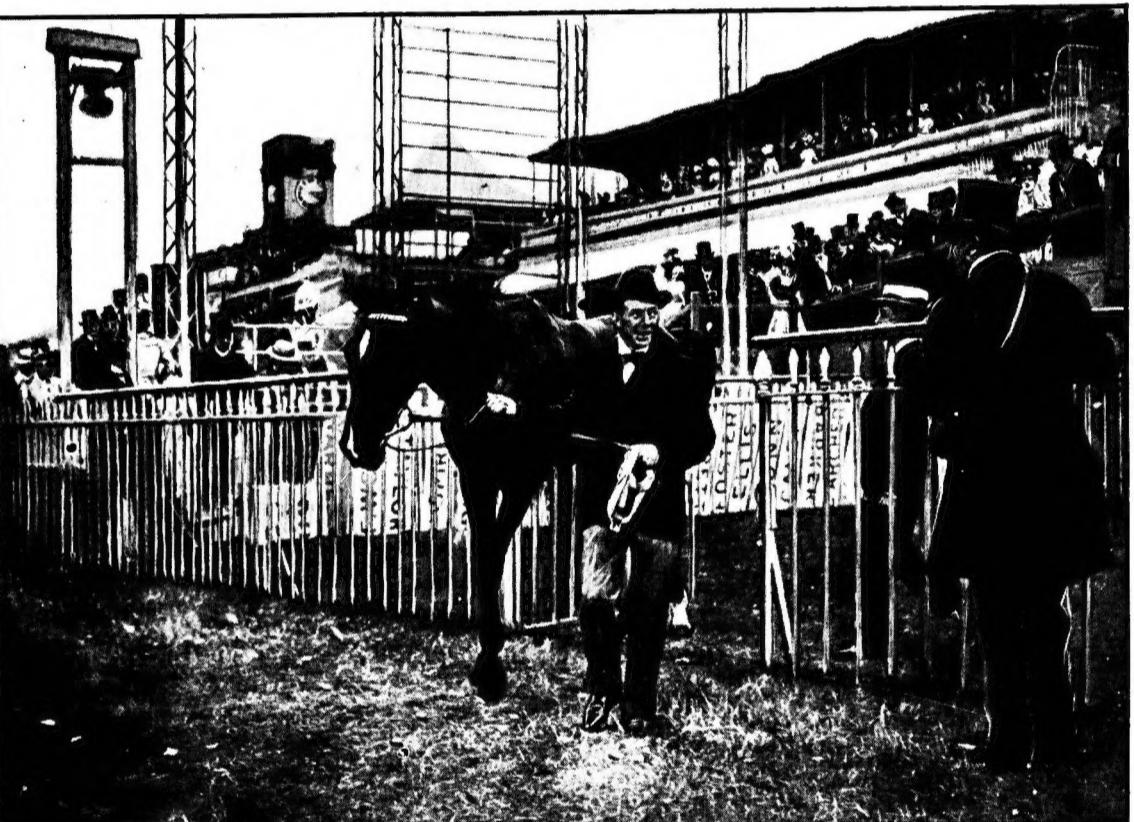
A Correspondent, describing the fighting before Brandfort, writes:—"As we neared the  
hills north-west of Brandfort the Boers opened rifle fire from them. Our centre and left replied.

G Battery, after getting the range with a few common shell, dropped shrapnel along the ridge



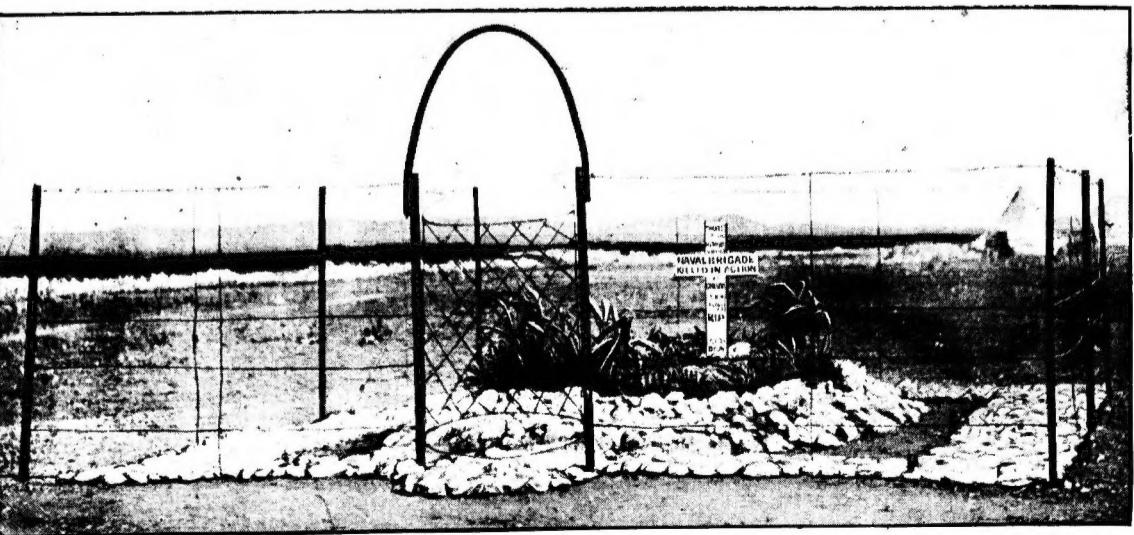
"Mr. Jersey's" Merman, the winner of the Ascot Gold Cup, which started at 100 to 7 against (offered), won by two lengths from Scintillant, which had the same place in the betting, while The Grafton, against which the betting was 100 to 8, was a bad third. The favourite, Perth II., the betting with regard to which was 4 to 1 on, was fourth

THE RACE FOR THE GOLD CUP AT ASCOT: THE FINISH



"Mr. Jersey's" Merman, which won the Ascot Gold Cup, was ridden by J. Sloan. Our illustration is from a photograph taken after the weighing in

THE WINNER OF THE ASCOT GOLD CUP



In this grave lie twenty-four men of the Naval Brigade, who were killed in the battle of Graspan. The words on the cross are as follows:— "Sacred to the memory of the Naval Brigade killed in action at Graspan. Erected by D Company, Royal Munster Fusiliers." The men were buried within a few feet of the spot where they fell. Our photograph is by H. E. Miles

IN MEMORY OF THE NAVAL BRIGADE WHO FELL AT GRASPAK

*Rusticana*, fell to Frau Gadski, who, however, will do comparatively little with it. In *Carmen*, indeed, the principal feature of the performance was the Escamillo of M. Plançon, this being the first part in which he has played the part in this country. The music, of course, lies rather too high for his voice, so that the *Torador* Song had to be transposed for him. But he played the part admirably, and showed, indeed, almost unexpected comedy talent. In the same programme was *Pagliacci*, with a capital cast, in which, for the first time this season, Signor De Lucia took part in his original character of *Pagliacci*. He was as strenuous as ever, and, indeed, this character suits him better than any other in his repertory. His present engagement, however, more especially in view of the immediate production of Signor Puccini's new opera, *La Tosca*, which has been for some weeks in active rehearsal and may be expected a week or two hence. The composer has come over expressly to England to superintend the final rehearsals. M. Jean de Reszke hoped to be well enough to make his *rentrée* on Thursday in *Roméo et Juliette*. On Friday, in *Lohengrin*, he was replaced by Herr Slezac, who, under the circumstances, should be exempt from criticism, while M. Slezac's name was, on Monday, substituted for his as Raoul in the revival of *Les Huguenots*, which had been expressly got up for his sake. *Les Huguenots* is now very rarely heard in this country, and, indeed, except when some great *prima donna* wishes to play Valentine, some robust tenor elects to be heard in the trying role of Raoul. The opera does not seem now to have any particular following. The cast on Monday night included M. Saléza as the young Huguenot, Messrs. Plançon and Decléry as St. Bris and Constance, Nevers, with Miss Miranda in the part of Marguerite de Valois, and Miss Lucile Hill as Valentine. Indeed, the principal feature of this performance was the reappearance of M. Edouard de Reszke as the Huguenot soldier Marcel.

*Don Giovanni* was announced for Wednesday too late for a full review this week. The principal parts were announced to be sung by Signor Scotti as the Don, M. Edouard de Reszke as Leporello, Signor De Lucia as Don Ottavio, while the three ladies' parts were cast for Madame Susan Strong, Miss Marguerite MacIntyre, and Fr. Scheff. On Thursday of the present week M. Jean de Reszke would make his appearance as Romeo.

### Royal Ascot

In good King George's glorious days Ascot was Royal, and His Majesty, as a poet of his day loyally observed on one auspicious occasion, "attended, looking well in blue." Ascot is a different place now; the old pavilion with its Corinthian pillars has given place to something more comfortable but less Corinthian, and a railway runs where coaches ran before. Yet, in its general aspect, Ascot has not changed very much. If the buck of the Regency days could revisit the brisk scenes of "life" with which he was best acquainted, he would, once having become accustomed to the changes of costume, find Ascot as little changed as any of them. He would still bow to the Prince and the other Royalties in the Enclosure; he would find the sport much as it was when he took a share in it. In a delightful book just published by Messrs. Longmans Green, and called "Royal Ascot," a charming picture is quoted of the Ascot of pre-Victorian days:—"The crowd was intense, like the heat; splendid, genteel, grotesque; many in masquerade, but all in good humour—dandies of men, dandies of women; lords in white trousers and black whiskers; ladies with very small faces but very large hats; Oxford scholars in the tandems and randoms; some on stage coaches transmogrified into drags—fifteen on the top and six thin ones within; a two-foot horn; an ice-house with cases of champagne; sixteen of cigars; all neck-cloths but white; all hats but black; small talk with oaths; and broad talk with great ones cooled with ice and made red hot with brandy and smoke; all four-in-handers; all trying to tool 'em; none able to drive, but all able to go with the tongue. An Oxford slab-han'd coach loaded in London; Windsor blues freighted at Reading; Reading coaches chockful at Dorking; a Mile End coach wagon; German coaches; Hanoverian cars; Petersburgh sledges and phaeton; St. James's cabs; Bull-and-Mouth barouches waggoned by Exeter coachmen. No place, no amusement, no holiday-making is so enchanting to the softer sex. Gentle and simple, grave and gay, they are on tiptoe of joy, and out jumps nature from both ends—eyes and feet. Lords' ladies tastefully costumed with roses, and lilacs, untainted, or, rather, unpainted by Bond Street; farmers' daughters and farmers' wives sparkling in silks, rosy in cheek, tinted by sun-breezes and bottled ale."

It reminds one perhaps a little more of Epsom than of Ascot in some of its touches; but in others inimitable Ascot is as clearly portrayed as if the picture had been drawn yesterday. In the sketch of the outskirts of the course, made about fifty years ago, the Royal meeting looks a little more down at heel than one fancied its brilliant descendant to be to-day, but, as a matter of fact, then as now, Ascot stood for all that was gay and fashionable, well dressed and expensive. Even in the thirties people spoke as with awe of an Ascot gown. The compilation of Messrs. Herod and Cawthorne, complete as it is, does not quite bring down the record to the last meeting, and it is perhaps as well, for the Ascot meeting of 1900 was scarcely up to the level of its reputation for brilliance and gaiety. Too many of those who have graced it in past years, who have brought youth and gaiety and beauty to it, are engaged in a very different employment half the world away. A good many of them were, indeed, to a very recent date, immured on a very different racing course, and one which offered few delights and little sport—Pretoria racecourse. In the second place, the Prince of Wales was not there, and consequently, although the Prince of Wales was constant in his affection for the meeting, and though he was supported by sufficient people of note and name to fill half a column of fashionable intelligence in the morning papers, Ascot was short of its Royal procession. Nor was the race for the Gold Cup all that fancy paints this historic race. There were only six runners, and there was little betting, for everyone believed that nothing had compensated for a race that should have been tame by providing a surprise to stagger humanity. Mrs. Langtry's Merman, ridden by the American jockey Sloan, rushed home an unexpected and easy winner by two lengths, and so kept the Cup in England.

MR. W. C. BOTTOMLEY (TRIN. COLL.)  
Third WranglerMR. A. C. ALDIS (TRIN. HALL)  
Second WranglerMR. J. E. WRIGHT (TRIN. COLL.)  
Senior WranglerMISS W. M. HUDSON (NEWNHAM)  
First Lady Wrangler

## THE CAMBRIDGE MATHEMATICAL TRIPOS

EVEN if we had not the day figures of the entries to the Exhibition, no one could doubt that the World's Fair of 1900 is launched on the high road to success. A walk down the boulevards, or a visit to any café or restaurant would prove the fact. It is beginning to be quite a relief to hear someone speak French. Every public establishment has become a veritable tower of Babel; every language in Europe struggles for the mastery, but German is easily first.

For there is no doubt of the extent to which the subjects of the Kaiser are participants in the Exhibition. In the Champ de Mars they are *facile princeps*. In every group and section the German exhibits outshine all the rest. The days of Philadelphia, when their contribution was summed up in the now historic phrase, "Cheap and nasty," are gone; they vie with every nation represented in Paris, and excel most. This being the case, it is only natural that the number of German visitors should be great, but the invasion is really such that one wonders if the towns of the Fatherland are not depopulated.

The anxiety in regard to Royal visitors is now at an end. King Oscar of Sweden set the ball rolling, and now the Hotel des Souverains promises to be tenanted almost without interruption. The Khedive of Egypt arrives on the 28th of this month, and will be followed a few weeks later by Dom Luiz of Portugal. The Shah, too, is now on French soil, and as soon as his "cure" at Contrexeville is finished he, too, will be the guest of the Third Republic. Then there is, of course, the *clou* of the whole affair, the visit of the Tsar, which will mark the apotheosis of the World's Fair of 1900.

The question of locomotion in Paris, which was becoming a most serious one, seems on the way to be settled, as far at least as it can be in a city with such limited resources in the way of transport. The Omnibus Company, whose monopoly barred the way to all progress, has at last come to its senses, and has promised to double and treble its unsatisfactory service, and—most important of all—has consented to private enterprise coming to the rescue. The result is that brakes and *char-à-bancs* of all kinds swarm in every direction, and it is possible to get to the Champ de Mars without waiting an hour for a seat in an omnibus.

In fact, we have gone to extremes, for the authorities have permitted the introduction of a mode of locomotion which is very *fa de siècle* indeed. This is called the "train Scott," and is, in fact, a train drawn by a powerful traction engine, which runs from the Exhibition to the Northern Railway station and other points. It certainly is most curious to see a huge engine puffing through the crowded streets dragging a string of carriages after it.

One interesting exhibit has disappeared from the Army and Navy Palace. This is the silver casket containing the heart of La Tour

d'Auvergne, the First Grenadier of France. When it was discovered that the relic was in the Exhibition, the Government

decided to ask the heirs of the hero to permit the casket to be

deposited in the Pantheon, where the body of La Tour d'Auvergne

lies. Until a decision has been come to the relic has been with-

drawn from the case in which it was on view. The French have a

great respect for the dead, and it was felt that the casket was out of

place in what is, after all, only a huge international fair.

The Exhibition truce is being badly observed by the Nationalists. Their latest demonstration was the banquet a night or two ago in the Salle Wagram to celebrate their victory at the recent Municipal Elections. As a banquet it was a mediocre success. One thousand diners were expected, and two thousand turned up. The result was that the food proved insufficient in quantity and poor in quality. The diners in the gallery, to show their disapproval of this, dropped their plates on the heads of those below, who, disliking this form of bombardment, stormed the gallery, and ejected them from the building. When MM. Drumont, Rochefort, and the other leaders tried to address the meeting, their eloquence completely failed to appease their hearers. A hungry man is an angry man, and the banqueters clamored for food.

Then the promised champagne failed to appear, and M. Jules Lemaître accounted for its absence by the extraordinary reason that it had been drunk by the police, a piece of information which caused a dozen angry patriots to go to explore the kitchen for themselves. Then the electric light went out, and plunged the hall into darkness. Altogether, as a friendly gathering the banquet was rather a failure. Outside an enormous force of police and mounted Republican Guards were on duty, but not even their presence could prevent an affray in a café between a band of Nationalists, led by M. Dubuc, the Hotspur of the Municipal Council, and a number of Socialists. Knives were used, and several revolver shots were fired, and thirty or forty arrests made. If this is the "Exhibition truce" we may expect trouble next November when the restraining influence of the World's Fair is removed.

There seems little doubt that M. Berthelot will be the successor of the late Joseph Bertrand in the French Academy. It is the custom that certain *fauteuils* should be reserved for men of science. As that of the late M. Bertrand has always been held by a *savant*, it is only natural that it should be given to M. Berthelot. The distinguished chemist has at present no competitor for the *fauteuil*, and there is every probability that on the 28th of this month he will be elected by unanimity.

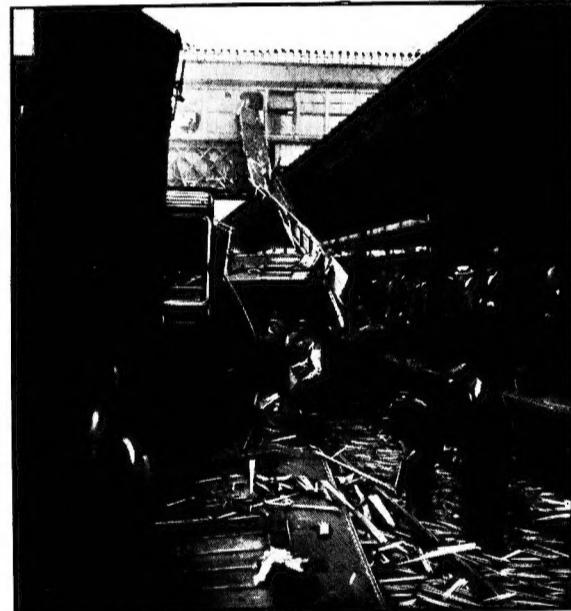
## The Cambridge Mathematical Tripos

JOSEPH EDMUND WRIGHT, this year's Senior Wrangler, is a Lancashire man, being the son of Mr. Joseph Wright, of 174, Park Road, Liverpool, where he was born twenty-two years ago. He was educated at the Liverpool Institute, and, gaining a minor scholarship in 1897, entered Trinity College, of which he is now a foundation scholar. Mr. Herman was his private coach. Our portrait is by H. Mason, Cambridge.

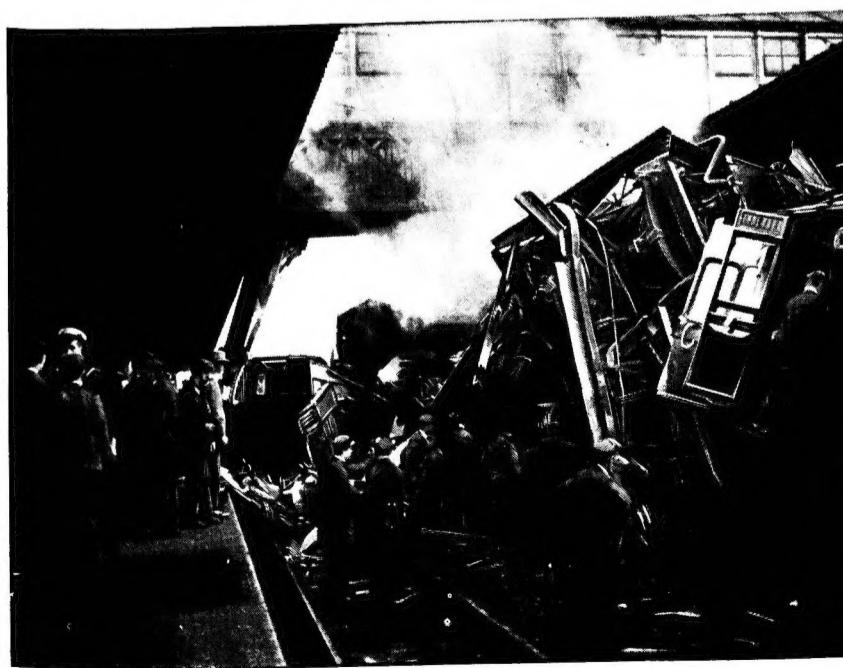
ARTHUR CYRIL WEBB ALDIS, the Second Wrangler, matriculated at Trinity Hall in October, 1897, as a scholar, having previously been educated at the Grammar School, Walsall (of which his father, Mr. J. A. Aldis, M.A., formerly scholar of Trinity, is head master), and King Edward's School, Birmingham. He was born on July 12, 1878. He has won a great number of prizes and scholarships. His tutors were Messrs. W. G. Bell, E. A. Bate, and A. W. W. Dale. Our portrait is by J. P. Clarke, Cambridge.

MR. WILLIAM CECIL BOTTOMLEY, the Third Wrangler, was born on March 17, 1878, and is a son of Mr. William Bottomley, a solicitor, of Manchester. He was educated at Tettenhall College and Owen's College, and matriculated at Trinity in October, 1897, as a scholar of that institution. His private tutor was Dr. Hobson, of Christ's.

MISS W. M. HUDSON, of Newnham, who is equal to eighth Wrangler, is a daughter of the Professor of Mathematics at King's College, London, who was third Wrangler in 1861, and a sister of the Senior Wrangler of two years ago. She was born in London and educated at Clapham High School.

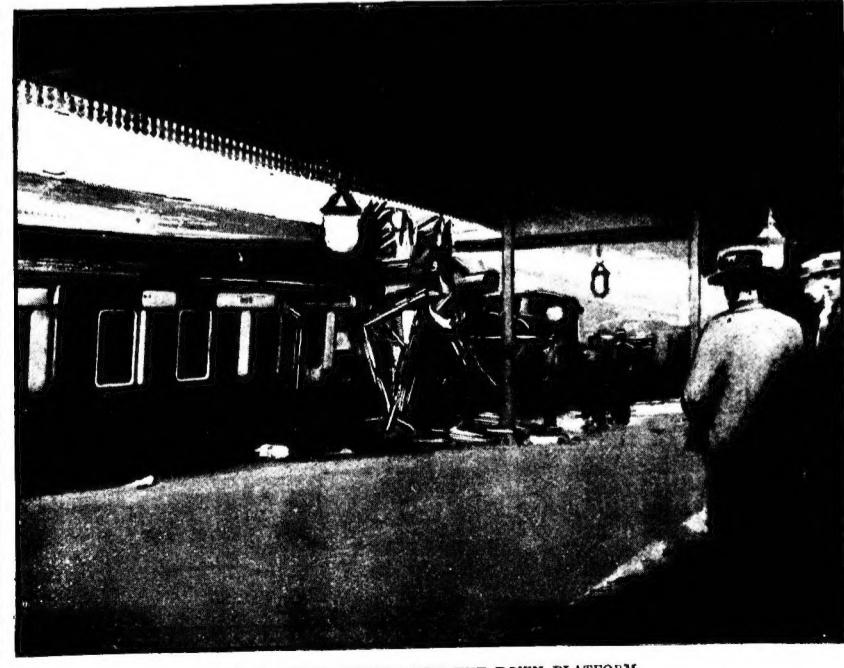


THE REMAINS OF THE WINDSOR TRAIN, WHICH WERE PILED UP TO THE OVERHEAD BRIDGE



THE REAR CARRIAGES OF THE WINDSOR TRAIN ON FIRE: LOOKING FOR VICTIMS IN THE DEBRIS

A serious railway accident took place last Saturday afternoon at the Slough Station of the Great Western Railway. A train from Paddington for Windsor, heavily laden with passengers for the Windsor race meeting, was standing at the platform for the collection of tickets, when an express for Plymouth dashed into it at a high rate of speed. The last two carriages of the Windsor train were telescoped and



THE WRECKED TRAIN FROM THE DOWN PLATFORM

piled up in a heap to the overhead bridge by the engine of the express, which was itself wrecked, the driver and stoker being injured. Four of the passengers in the Windsor train were killed on the spot or died very shortly after being taken out of the wrecked carriages, another died the next morning, and about seventy persons were injured, some of them very seriously.



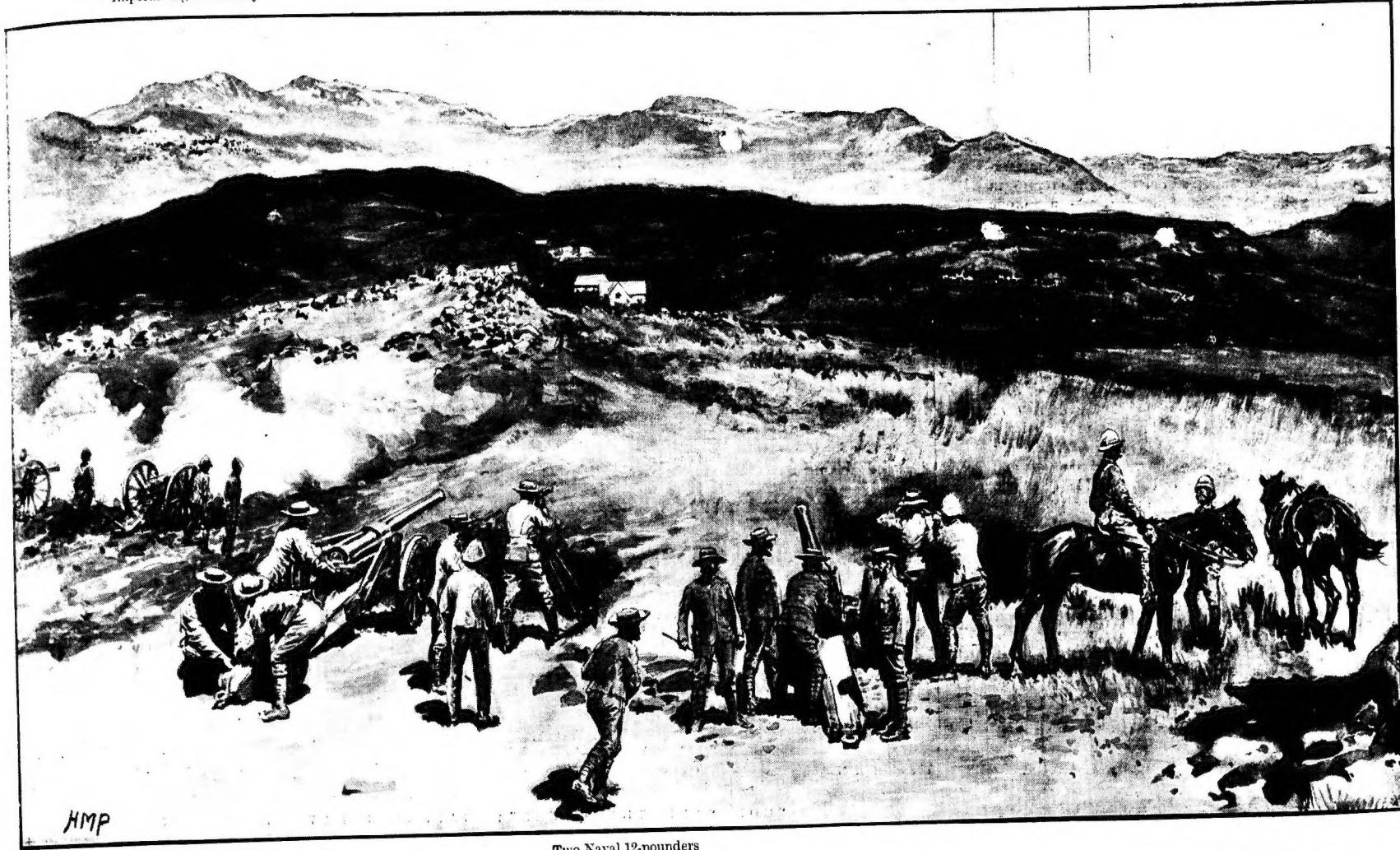
DRAWN BY W. SMALL.

THE GUARDS VISITING A BATTLESHIP

Heights taken by Bethune's  
Mounted Infantry and  
Imperial Light Infantry

Town of Pomeroy in valley  
beyond Hospital Hill  
Hospital

The Imperial Light Infantry      Boer big guns



Natal Field Artillery

Two Naval 12-pounders

FROM A SKETCH BY A BRITISH OFFICER

DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET  
The plan of turning the Boer positions on the Biggarsberg was admirably conceived and carried out. While our left remained at Elands Laagte, the right, by means of a flying column, flung at the extreme western point of the range, effected a lodgment there and opened an easy line of advance to Dundee, threatening the flanks of the whole Boer main position. The march took five days. It began on the 9th. The 2nd Division and 3rd Cavalry Brigade, marching from their camp midway between Ladysmith and Elands Laagte, concentrated on the Ladysmith-Helpmakaar Road at Sundays River, together with a large number of field and long-range guns and a large convoy. The march throughout was through extremely hilly and difficult country. The roads were bad, being mostly deep sand. On the 11th the column bivouacked at Waschank River, immediately in front of which lies the almost unbroken line of the Biggarsberg. On the 12th, the cavalry, who scouted all the time ahead of the column, came in touch with the enemy below the Biggarsberg, the African Light Horse having a few casualties. On that night the

force bivouacked at a farm about two miles from the foot of the hills and eight miles from the Waschank River. Next morning the Boers fired a few shells into the camp. The whole column marched along the road leading from Pomeroy to a point where it enters a deep valley running east about three miles west of Helpmakaar. The mounted infantry, supported by the Second Brigade, rapidly seized the hills on both sides, Bethune, with a considerable force of mounted infantry, co-operating from Pomeroy. The enemy, completely outmanoeuvred, were forced to evacuate their carefully prepared positions commanding our advance up the valley, and fell back on a small kopje immediately north of Helpmakaar, where they had a long-range gun and a Vickers-Maxim. "A" Battery engaged them, and later on our Vickers-Maxim, which was in action for the first time, silenced theirs. An artillery duel continued till sunset. In the evening heavy guns were brought up and the troops bivouacked within 3,000 yards of the Boer position

#### GENERAL BULLER'S ADVANCE: THE ATTACK ON THE HELPMAKAAR HEIGHTS



DRAWN BY GEORGE SOPER

A Correspondent with Thorneycroft's Mounted Infantry, in describing Sir Redvers Buller's march from Sunday River to Dundee, spoke of the number of abandoned farms they passed in Northern Natal. At

one of these the troops were delighted to find some orange trees, full of ripe fruit, which was very acceptable after a long march

FROM A SKETCH BY GEORGE SOPER

#### GENERAL BULLER'S ADVANCE: AN UNEXPECTED TREAT WHILE ON THE MARCH

## Chronicle of the War

By CHARLES LOWE

## "Bobs" v. Botha

THE past week, on the whole, has been one more of concentration than of combat, but at the same time one of steady progress in every direction towards the conclusion of the war. As in Europe all roads lead to Rome, so in South Africa Pretoria is the converging point of all our route-marching, and from Pretoria, where our flag was hoisted on Whit Tuesday, we have had nothing but good, if fitfully communicated, news ever since—fitfully, by reason of the temporary cutting of the telegraph wires to Bloemfontein, which have now been restored. Most gratifying of all those items of news was a despatch from Lord Roberts, dated 15th inst., detailing his defeat of General Botha, some fifteen to twenty miles east of the Transvaal capital, on the Middleburg road, in the Hatherley parts. The concentration of a force of Boers in this region, so near to the capital, had proved a nuisance—as it kept up the excitement in Pretoria, prevented the burghers from laying down their arms, and interfered with our collection of supplies, so Roberts at once determined to attack and scatter them. But the task was one of considerable difficulty, inasmuch as the Boers, with the quickness of military perception which has distinguished them throughout the campaign, had now come to adapt their tactics to the outflanking movements that our Commander-in-Chief had practised upon them with so much success ever since he left the Modder River, but especially since his departure from Bloemfontein. Up to the capture of Pretoria the Boers had never been able to resist the progress of our Army, for the simple reason that this Army, with its infantry in the centre and mounted arms on either flank, had advanced in enveloping crescent form, like that of the Zulus, threatening thus to surround and "Sedan" the burghers. But General Botha now, at last, determined to profit by his experience of the tactics which had compelled him to retreat to, and evacuate, Pretoria. At Hatherley he selected "a very strong



The relief of Mafeking was celebrated with the greatest enthusiasm at Durban. Vast concourses of people assembled at the Queen's Statue and sang the National Anthem amid great rejoicing. Our photograph is by J. E. Middlebrook

## "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN": MAFEKING DAY AT DURBAN

manding the 12th Lancers—who fell at the head of his troopers in a charge which did great execution—Major the Hon. L. Fortescue and Lieutenant the Hon. C. Cavendish being also victims. As a result of its defeat, Botha's army—estimated at about 6,000 men—retired towards Middleburg, though not without his rearguard being surprised and thoroughly routed by Ian Hamilton's Mounted Infantry, including the Westralians.

Another gratifying despatch from Roberts, dated earlier but subsequently received, stated that over 2,000 stand of arms had been given up within three days of his occupation of Pretoria, and that these were being utilised for our released prisoners, of whom the correct number was 148 officers and 3,039 men, 260 of whom were still in hospital. This arming of some three battalions of our troops with the Mauser repeater, with a corresponding supply of ammunition derived from the same source, will be an experiment worth watching, and the opinion of Tommy Atkins on the question, Lee-Metford *versus* Mauser, will well deserve the careful attention of our musketry experts at Hythe and Enfield.

## "B.-P." and Hunter

But far more than the number of arms given up to Lord Roberts at Pretoria was that of the Mausers "collected" by Lieutenant-General, late Colonel, Baden-Powell on his triumphal advance from Mafeking to the Transvaal capital, which he reached, by a happy

coincidence, on the anniversary of Waterloo. Previous to that he had from time to time reported progress to his Chief. After the relief of Mafeking he repaired the railway and telegraph and arrested rebels, over 100 of whom are now awaiting trial. He then moved into the Transvaal, with a force of about 800 men, to accept surrender of Boers and prevent natives from looting. Working systematically through the districts of Marico, West Lichtenburg and Rustenburg, he re-established order, and collected arms and supplies. Lord Roberts sent out a column from Pretoria to repair the telegraph between the capital and Rustenburg and join hands with the hero of Mafeking, to whom about 600 Boers had surrendered, while he had captured 230, and arrested the local chiefs who sided with the Boers against the British.

Nor had less success attended the simultaneous march, by a route further south, of General Sir A. Hunter for Vryburg, on the Cape to Cairo line to Johannesburg. To Hunter on June 9—that is, four days after the evacuation of Pretoria—surrendered Klerksdorp, General Cronje, who commanded there, having wisely determined to give in as soon as he knew for certain that the capital was in our possession. Klerksdorp, an important mining town, with a population of 6,000, is connected with Johannesburg by a railway running through Potchefstroom, the scene of the St. Helena Cronje's treachery in 1880, and Krugersdorp, the scene of Dr. Jameson's surrender; and on those two places General Hunter successively



Retief's Boarding House, in Strand Street, Cape Town, was practically wrecked by the mob on Mafeking Night, the owner being suspected of pro-Boer sympathies. Our photograph is by Dennis Edwards

## OLD DUTCH HOUSE AT CAPE TOWN WRECKED BY THE MOB ON MAFEKING DAY

position, practically unassailable in front, which enabled him to place the main portion of his troops on his flanks, which he knew from former experience were his vulnerable parts." Against the flanks of this position Roberts directed his mounted troops in equal portions, while demonstrating with his infantry in the centre. But the contest was long and stubborn, lasting two days, and it was only on the night of the second day that the Boers of Botha evacuated their second and stronger position to which they had previously retired. Like many other self-complacent engineers, they had been hoist with their own petard. They had resolved to bluff "Little Bobs" by making a great show of defensive strength on their flanks, while pretending to hold their centre with an equally formidable force, with the result that the game went against them, and that they were completely bowled over. With the unerring eye of the true soldier Lord Roberts had discerned the truth of the situation. He had perceived that, while the pillars of the gateway were strong, the gate itself might be bashed in, and so directed his main assault against the Boer centre for the first time since he assumed control of the war.

It was a very brilliant piece of countercheck play. As he himself said:—"They had paid so much attention to strengthening their flanks that their centre was weakly held, and as soon as this became evident I directed Ian Hamilton to attack. He moved against Diamond Hill with the Sussex, Derby, and City Imperial Volunteers, supported on his left by the Guards Brigade under Inigo Jones. It was grand seeing the way in which our men advanced over difficult ground and under heavy fire. Our seizure of Diamond Hill caused the Boers to feel they were practically surrounded, and this resulted in their hasty retirement." The casualties were less than 100—no great price to pay for such a result; but in the fighting of the first day these casualties had included the death of one of the most promising cavalry leaders in the Army—Colonel the Earl of Airlie, com-



The relief of Mafeking was celebrated with great rejoicings at Kimberley, the townfolk feeling ready sympathy with the inhabitants of a town which had suffered the same attention as they had from the Boers. Our photograph is by W. Pope, Kimberley

## MAFEKING DAY IN KIMBERLEY: THE CROWD OUTSIDE THE TOWN HALL

ed from Klerksdorp without encountering anything but alarm. Others anxious to surrender on their own terms. That was also it was wanted by a commando of about 800 rebels at Kuruman, sent in a white flag to Vryburg, but were sternly told in reply they must submit without conditions.

#### In the Orange River Colony

It while thus everything was going slickly for us on the side of the theatre of war, the situation continued to be annoying and obscure in the north-eastern portions of the Orange River Colony, which the desperate Mr. Steyn has been endeavouring to wrest from us again by means of a counter-annexation—by such “paper bullets of the brain,” so by the more formidable but equally ineffective missiles of Mausers. By means of these missiles, supplemented by a supply of dynamite, he had managed to wreck a long section of the railway north of Roodeval and add the 4th Derby to his roll of British prisoners. But his triumph in this quarter of short duration. For while Lord Roberts was dealing successfully with Botha's bogus centre force on the heights of Hatherley, he at the same time taking prompt measures for the dissipation of De Wet's dynamiters on the plains of Roodeval. Hearing that De Wet had been playing havoc with his lines of communication in Orange River Colony, Roberts was prompt to despatch his Achates, Kitchener, with a scratch force to the south to cooperate with Methuen—who “gained a complete victory over De Wet, took possession of his camp, and scattered his forces in all directions,” at a cost to himself of only one killed and fifteen wounded. Yet that De Wet had even now not been rendered completely innocuous may be inferred from the fact that two days later, as now appears, one of our reconstruction trains was attacked at Leeuwspuit, with the result that the British had three killed, one wounded, and between fifty and sixty captured. At the same time, our post on the Zand River was attacked by 800 Boers with three guns, and though they were ultimately driven off, leaving several dead and wounded on the ground, our own casualties included the death of the American Major Seymour, of the Pioneers, who was shot dead by an expanding bullet—a missile which is invariably, but erroneously, referred to in the telegrams as “explosive.” There has been no confirmation of the statement from Maseru that 1,500 Boers had surrendered to Brabant, but with the 35,000 men or so which we now have operating and co-operating in our Orange River Colony it ought not to be long before we hear of all Mr. Steyn's burghers being cornered, and one thing, at least, is now certain, that, with Heidelberg and Standerton in our possession, further co-operation between the Federals of the two quondam Republics has become impossible, which in itself is another immense stride towards the termination of the war.

#### With Buller

That Standerton could be occupied by Buller—while Roberts himself sent a column to Heidelberg—was due to the fact that Sir Redvers found the clearing of the Laing's Nek tunnel, which had been blown in for about 150 yards at either end, the labour of only a few days, and that he was able to pass his first train through it on Waterloo Day—the same day as “B.P.” reached Pretoria. The restoration of the Durban-Johannesburg Railway will be of immense advantage in every respect to the further prosecution of the war, seeing that it gives Lord Roberts an alternative, and much better, line of supply communication with his sea-base, and imposes corresponding difficulties on the Boers—difficulties that will be more than doubled by the destruction of a bridge of the Delagoa line about seven miles west of the Portuguese frontier. President Kruger's only ally is now the Afrikander Bond, which continues to insist that the independence of the two Republics should be maintained, though the formation of a Gordon-Spigg Coalition Ministry cannot be regarded by this Bond as a local omen favourable to its hopes.

#### Mr. Julius Weil

To Mr. Julius Weil is due some considerable share of the credit for the plucky resistance made by General Baden-Powell's garrison. Considerable stress has been laid upon the fact that it would not have been possible for Mafeking to have sustained the siege so long had not the Government contractor, upon his own initiative, laid in far greater stocks of provisions than were provided for by his contract, and it is interesting in this connection to know that for everything which was in daily want, in fact for the bare necessities of life, Mafeking depended for very long upon the stores and bonded warehouse which represented the local branch of the contracting firm of Mr. Julius Weil.

Mr. Weil had on the spot, and supplied the Government there to the beginning of April with 16,355 tons of food stuffs, 930 tons of fuel, irrespective of over 17,000 gallons of beer, spirits, etc., and a large quantity of tobacco. In his hands lay the issuing of the daily allowances of bread and meat to the garrison, of the forage for the horses, of the feeding of the natives. It was very generally allowed that the arrangements were eminently satisfactory, and in giving honour to whom honour is due it is well that notice should be taken of the important role which his firm fulfilled during the siege. Our portrait is by R. Farmer, Aachen.



MR. JULIUS WEIL  
Who supplied Mafeking with food during the siege



Sir George White, who has been the guest of the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava at Clandeboye, was received with the greatest enthusiasm in Belfast, whither he went to receive the freedom of the city. In the evening he was entertained at a banquet in the Ulster Hall

GENERAL SIR GEORGE WHITE, V.C., LADY WHITE AND MISS WHITE

The latest portrait of the Defender of Ladysmith, by Kilpatrick, Belfast

#### The Week in Parliament

By H. W. LUCY

THE House of Commons, which might have been expected to come back like a giant refreshed after the Whitsun Holidays, has shown that weakness about the knees not unknown to the gigantic form. The attendance has been small, enthusiasm has been at a minimum, and there has been strong disposition to get home as early as possible. On Friday night this wholesome desire was accomplished as early as eleven o'clock. On Tuesday the shutters were put up at a quarter to nine. It must be said that in both cases the appointed work was accomplished. On Tuesday small items, such as ten millions sterling for transport of horses and remounts, thirteen millions for forage, and a trifle under five millions for Army clothing, were voted after a few minutes of desultory conversation.

To this end the Irish members contributed their absence. A convention had been summoned at Dublin in order to afford opportunity of display of unity and loving-kindness among Irish politicians. Not being birds, as a countryman once observed, they could not be in two places at the same time. Thus, their camp below the Gangway in the House of Commons were vacant, and money was voted with both hands.

The items mentioned serve to bring home to the taxpayer some idea of the cost of the war. In the course of his speech Mr. Wyndham mentioned that 91,600 horses had been shipped to South Africa from this and other countries. “Ah, few shall meet where many part.” The mortality among horses has been cruelly great. What will be left of this gigantic stud when the war is over will not prove of much account. Complaint was made from some quarters that the interests of the British horse-breeder have been overlooked, only a small proportion of the war supply being taken from British studs. To this Mr. Wyndham had a crushing reply. Whilst the average price of a horse in England is 40/-, the cost of transport to the Cape, with, of course, the risk of the sea voyage, is 35/- Against this the Australian horse can be delivered on the beach in South Africa at 45/-; whilst the handy little Argentine horse costs only 26/- Nevertheless, a large number of horses have been shipped from this country, including relays of the stout serviceable beasts brought up to the more prosaic business of trotting along the London ‘bus.

Another subject that led to interesting conversation in debate on the Army Estimates was the forage cap of the British soldier, dear to the nursemaid's heart. The tragedy at Aldershot last week, when four men died of sunstroke, and scores staggered into the hospital, has brought the matter to the front. The sort of pill-box which a guardsman wears, resting on his right ear, so as to give full opportunity for display of his oiled and curled front locks, is all very well in average British weather in the parks and streets. But when it comes to a field day under a sultry sun it is simply suicidal. Probably one of the permanent effects of the war in South Africa will be to introduce into the British Army the picturesque, broad-brimmed, side-looped hats which the Colonials have made familiar and attractive. They formed a picturesque adjunct to the military show on Jubilee Day. Under the varying sky of the veldt they have proved most serviceable. Had the men on field-day service at Aldershot worn them there is no doubt sunstroke would have been averted.

Mr. Wyndham, assailed on all sides with reproach and advice on the subject, quaintly pleaded that the War Office was “feeling its way to two head-dresses for the whole Army, one specially designed with reference to the history of the several regiments, the

other to be worn at Aldershot. Opinion among old soldiers who took part in Tuesday night's debate showed that there is no necessity for the War Office to feel its way beyond the Colonial head-gear. An additional recommendation of it is that it is not a new fashion, being as old as the Wars of the Commonwealth, when the cavaliers wore it over their glossy curls.

For the time interest in the war in South Africa is overshadowed at Westminster by concern for the outbreak in China. The Under Secretary for War, of late plied nightly with questions about the progress of Lord Roberts's forces, now gives way to the Under Secretary of Foreign Affairs, who is pelted with inquiry about the position in China. Whilst there is anxiety there is no apprehension. The Empire seems to have enough on its hands, with the war in South Africa involving the occupation of an army of 204,000 men and officers, and the outbreak in Ashanti. But when trouble suddenly arises in the Far East a sufficiency of ships is quietly moved into position. Hong Kong is strengthened by detachments of Indian troops, and preparations are made to strengthen the forces on the approaches to Peking. Should large military operations in China be necessary, British troops are already half way there, and could speedily be shipped from the Cape. Differing in this respect from the war with the Boers, the splendid Indian Army is available for service in China, and would doubtless be pleased beyond measure to show that it does not fall behind the British Colonies in the fervour of its loyalty to the Empire, and its instinctive desire to rally round it in time of trouble.

#### The Theatres

By W. MOY THOMAS

##### SIR HENRY IRVING'S “HOME-COMING”

By a happy chance, the first words the worthy Dr. Primrose has to speak in the opening scene of the late Mr. Wills's beautiful play of *Olivia* are “Friends, you make me happy and thankful by your kind welcome.” The utterance of this sentence by Sir Henry Irving, as he stepped out of the rose-covered porch in the quaintly sober clerical garb of Goldsmith's immortal vicar, was received with outbursts of cheering again and again renewed in all parts of the house by spectators who manifestly gave to it a personal application. As will have been seen, Sir Henry and his comrades had no novelty to offer; nor is it the practice of judicious managers to bring forth new plays when the season is so far advanced. On the other hand, he had chosen for revival a work which, above all other pieces in the LYCEUM repertory, is clothed with pleasing associations. Dr. Primrose is, doubtless, not a great part; it has no depths of tragic passion, but its dignity, sweetness, and quiet pathos invest it with a peculiar charm, and it is played by the actor throughout with a consummate mastery over its subtleties of light and shade. On the other hand, *Olivia* is of all Miss Ellen Terry's wide range of impersonations that which has taken the firmest hold upon the sympathies of her admirers. There are some newcomers in the cast. Mr. Fred Terry as Squire Thornhill is at some disadvantage in the fact that many of the spectators on Saturday evening were probably able to recall the late Mr. Terriss's fine performance, of which it is hardly too much to say that it could not possibly be excelled; but Mr. Terry's impersonation of the profligate young squire and heartless man of fashion of the period would really not lose greatly by the comparison, though there was perhaps a trifle too much of the conscious lady-killer in the earlier passages. Miss Dorothea Baird's Sophia is eminently a pleasing personage; and Mr. Hearn's Burchell is a sound and duly impressive performance. Mr. Dodsworth's blunt old Farmer Flamborough, Mr. Tyers' Gipsy Leigh, and Miss Maud Milton's Mrs. Primrose are also impersonations deserving of praise. The setting of the play, for which we are indebted to the artistic feeling of Mr. Hawes Craven, is not less appropriate and picturesque than before, and Sir Arthur Sullivan's trio, “Morn, happy Morn,” sung in the beautiful old vicarage parlour to the accompaniment of a harpsichord and other instruments, proved once more to be one of the most pleasing of those many illustrative details which attest the loving care with which Mr. Wills's piece has been put upon the stage.

##### “THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL”

The present generation of playgoers has assuredly not witnessed a more brilliant revival of Sheridan's masterpiece than that which was presented to the audience at the HAYMARKET on Tuesday evening. Miss Winifred Emery's Lady Teazle is delightful, both in its impulsive coquetry and wilfulness and in that underlying feeling which aids her so effectively in retrieving the humiliation and disgrace of her discovery in the screen scene. A very pleasantly, cheery, though duly irritable person on occasion is Mr. Cyril Maude's Sir Peter, and if Mr. Valentine is a trifle too grave in the part of Joseph Surface, his fine voice and his insinuating plausibility in the Library scene served him well. Mr. Paul Arthur is, perhaps, a trifle too robust and boisterous in the part of Charles Surface, but much more serious shortcomings than these might well be forgiven for the sake of his admirable new reading of Charles's exit after the screen scene. Hitherto his unmanly disregard for the feelings of the unhappy Lady Teazle has been a grave blot upon this otherwise incomparable situation, and it cannot be denied that it finds support in the text. But the final air of respect and sympathy with which Mr. Paul Arthur takes his departure is perfectly permissible. We may take it that this emendation will henceforth supersede the old stage tradition, and it ought not to be forgotten that we are indebted for it to this sprightly and clever American comedian. Mr. Elliot, quaintly made up like one of Bunbury's sops, is a very amusing Sir Benjamin Backbite; Miss Lottie Venne gives point to all the utterances of Mrs. Candour; Mr. Kemble is a fine old English Sir Oliver; Mr. Dagnall a very diverting Moses, and Miss Constance Collier a distinguished Lady Sneerwell. The costumes are rich and rare, the mounting is uniformly handsome, and the minuet, which it has long been the custom to introduce in Lady Sneerwell's magnificent drawing-room in the second act, is more than usually brilliant and elaborate.

## The "Boxers"

By ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN

THE recent developments in Northern China—the disturbances which threaten to overwhelm that part of the Empire, and have already spread southwards—seem to have come upon Europe somewhat as a surprise. Nevertheless, the expansion of the secret society known as the "I Ho Ch'uan," the Righteous Harmony League (or Fists, a play upon the word "Ch'uan," which has two meanings), now commonly known as the "Boxers," was a matter of common knowledge and discussion in the seaport towns of China during the early part of the year, when the rapid growth and anti-foreign proclivities of this society were denounced in the Press as serious dangers to the peace of China. The object of this particular society, whose aims were cloaked by the pretext of practising gymnastic exercises, is to "support the dynasty, exterminate the foreigner." This, indeed, is their watchword.

The development of the "Boxers" is worthy of note, illustrating very clearly the way in which such societies, especially in China, have grown from comparatively innocent associations into dangerous political engines. The society began merely with religious propaganda as an anti-Roman Catholic association; from that it became anti-Christian; and it has now reached a point where it is actively and aggressively anti-foreign. It has acquired its power and prestige largely from the protection given it by the Empress-Dowager, and, consequently, by many high officials, whose fortunes are linked with hers—the Reactionary or Anti Reform element. The edicts promulgated from time to time by the Empress clearly show that this view of her relations with the "Boxers" is amply justified, for a fine discrimination is found in the condemnation of secret societies—between the "Boxers" and others of less seditious tendencies. It is, moreover, pretty certain that other edicts of a secret nature have afforded open protection to the anti-foreign sect, who throughout have been treated as patriots.

As a matter of fact, ever since the *coup d'état*, the Empress has felt more and more the pressure from without, and deprived by the evident powerlessness of the Government and by her anti-reform measures of the sympathy of a very large section of the Chinese people, she has allowed herself to rely for support on this association, which, having grown under her protection to great strength and size, has become entirely beyond her control. Under these circumstances, with a Frankenstein on the one hand and a disaffected people on the other, she doubtless sees no alternative but to throw herself still more into the arms of Russia—a situation whose gravity, both for the Chinese Empire itself and for the Powers who have vested interests in the Far East and throughout Asia, does not need to be emphasized.

The Society of "I Ho Ch'uan" had its birth in the province of Shantung, where the high-handed policy of Germany has aroused a strong anti-foreign feeling among all classes of people. From Shantung the organisation spread into the neighbouring province of Chihli, receiving in both provinces, but particularly in the first named, the active support of some of the highest officials. At the beginning of this year the American missionaries of Shantung preferred formal charges against several of the chief provincial authorities in connection with this society, including the Governor of Shantung, one of the Intendants of Circuit and the magistrate of one of the principal counties. The Governor, in a secret memorial, had actually advocated the society as a useful agent for driving foreigners out of the country. Yet this Governor, removed from his post at the instance of Germany, has since been held in high favour by the Chinese Government.

One of the circumstances which has facilitated the rapid rise of the "Boxers" is the failure last year of the harvests in Shantung, which drove numbers of the farmers, the best men in the country, to join the rebel ranks as a refuge from starvation—for by so doing they hoped for plenty of opportunities for plunder.

What has happened in Northern China is not without parallels, even in the recent history of the Empire. For instance, in the Yangtze valley, through which I passed last year on my journey from Moscow across Siberia and through China, the whole country was seriously disturbed by the rising under Yu Mantze, to suppress which no adequate measures were for a long time taken. Yu Mantze himself was not a man of any extraordinary character or ability, but he was followed by thousands who, disaffected and restless, were ready to follow any one who liked to rise; all confidence in the Government at Peking having long since been lost, owing to the unchecked encroachments of foreign Powers which the people could see with their own eyes. Here, as in the north, the officials began by winking at, if not secretly encouraging, the anti-foreign work of the rebels, and later became unable to control the element of discord which they had been largely instrumental in raising. Another point of resemblance between the Yu Mantze rebellion and the present agitations lies in the attacks being in both cases directed first entirely against the Roman Catholic Missions. In Szechuan the French had a heavy claim against the Chinese Government for destruction of property, and for the carrying off of Father Fleury, while in Kwangsi Mr. Fleming, of the China Inland Mission, was brutally murdered just before I passed southwards. As far back as February last one of the Roman Catholic bishops of North China reported as many as 5,000 refugees under his care. Once the demon of destruction has been let loose the distinctions between creeds, or, indeed, any distinction save that which divides the Oriental from the European, is soon lost sight of.

The exact origin, the particular organisation, or the names of the moving spirits of this society, are enveloped in the mystery which hangs about all secret societies in China. It is impossible to get any accurate information on these points, and men who have made a careful study of Chinese secret societies are the first to acknowledge the meagreness of their discoveries. All such societies are nominally proscribed by Government, and the most inviolable oaths are exacted from members, and the utmost secrecy observed. China is absolutely honeycombed with these associations, every man probably belonging to one or more, and there are many also which are not secret. These societies, many of powerful political origin, have their periods of depression, during which they become merely refuges for shady characters; but a spark may kindle them to life again, and their spread, as soon as they adopt an active propaganda, is remarkable for its swiftness.

## Victims of the War

LIEUT.-COLONEL DAVID STANLEY WILLIAM DRUMMOND O'GILVY, Earl of Airlie, of the 12th (Prince of Wales's Royal) Lancers, is reported by Lord Roberts as among the killed in the recent fighting near Pretoria. Lord Airlie served with the 10th Hussars in the Afghan war in 1878-79 and was present at the attack and capture of Ali Musjid and in the engagement at Futtehabad. He was with the Soudan Expedition in 1884, as adjutant of the 10th Hussars, and was present at the battle of Tamai. In 1884-5 he served in the Nile Expedition as brigade-major, under Sir Herbert Stewart, and was at the battle of Abu Klea, where he was slightly wounded. In the subsequent reconnaissance to Metemmeh he was again wounded. Lord Airlie was twice mentioned in the despatches of the Soudan campaign, and received a brevet of major for his services. His next campaign was the present one in South Africa, and he was again wounded at Welkom during the advance of Lord Roberts's army. Lord Airlie entered the army in 1875, was captain in 1884, major in 1892, and lieutenant-colonel in 1897. He was born in 1856, was educated at Eton, and succeeded his father as the eighth Earl of Airlie in 1881. He married, in 1886, the Lady Mabell Frances Elizabeth Gore, daughter of the fifth Earl of Arran. He leaves six children, of whom the eldest, David Lyulph Gore Wolseley, Lord Ogilvy, born in 1893, succeeds him in the earldom. Our portrait is by C. Knight, Aldershot.

Lieutenant the Hon. C. W. H. Cavendish was Lord Chesham's

heir. Mr. Cavendish was born in 1878, and was educated at Sandhurst, obtaining his commission as second lieutenant in 17th Lancers in 1898. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, J Street.

Major J. A. Orr-Ewing, of the Warwickshire Company of Imperial Yeomanry, was killed in the recent fighting at K. He joined the 16th Lancers in 1880 and became major in 1885. After his retirement from the Army he became a captain in Warwickshire Yeomanry. From 1885 to 1890 he was aide-de-camp to Lord Londonderry, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and from 1890 to 1896 he acted in a similar capacity to Lord Roberts, while he was commander-in-Chief in Ireland. Our portrait is by Lafayette, Dublin.

Major Antonio Stephen Ralli, of the 12th Lancers, was the son of M. Ralli, who was Prime Minister of Greece during the Greco-Turkish war, and was born in 1861. He joined the 16th Lancers as second lieutenant in August, 1880, and was transferred to the 12th Lancers in the following December. In 1881 he obtained a lieutenant's commission, and in 1888 he was promoted to captain and in 1896 to major. Our portrait is by C. Knight, Aldershot.

Second Lieutenant Alastair Heneage Murray, 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards, died on the 1st inst. of wounds received in action at Senekal on the 29th ult. Born April 24, 1878, the son of Mr. C. T. Murray, M.P. for Coventry, and Lady Murray, he joined the Grenadier Guards from the 3rd Battalion Seaforth Highlanders on November 15 last. Our portrait is by Lafayette, Dublin.



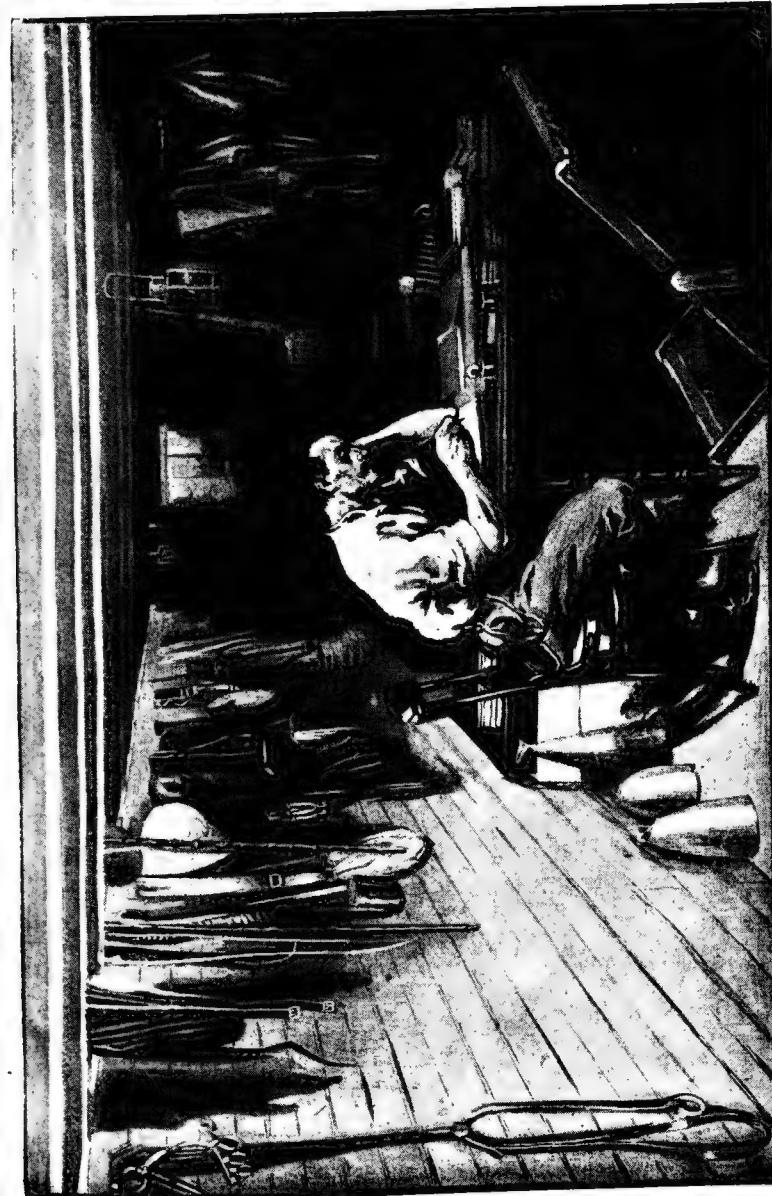
Soldiers who commit offences in the field are sometimes subjected to this form of punishment. They are tied securely to the post and are left in the sun for two or three hours according to the sentence passed on them. Our illustration is from a photograph by F. E. Jaffray.

HOW SOLDIERS UNDERGO PUNISHMENT IN THE FIELD



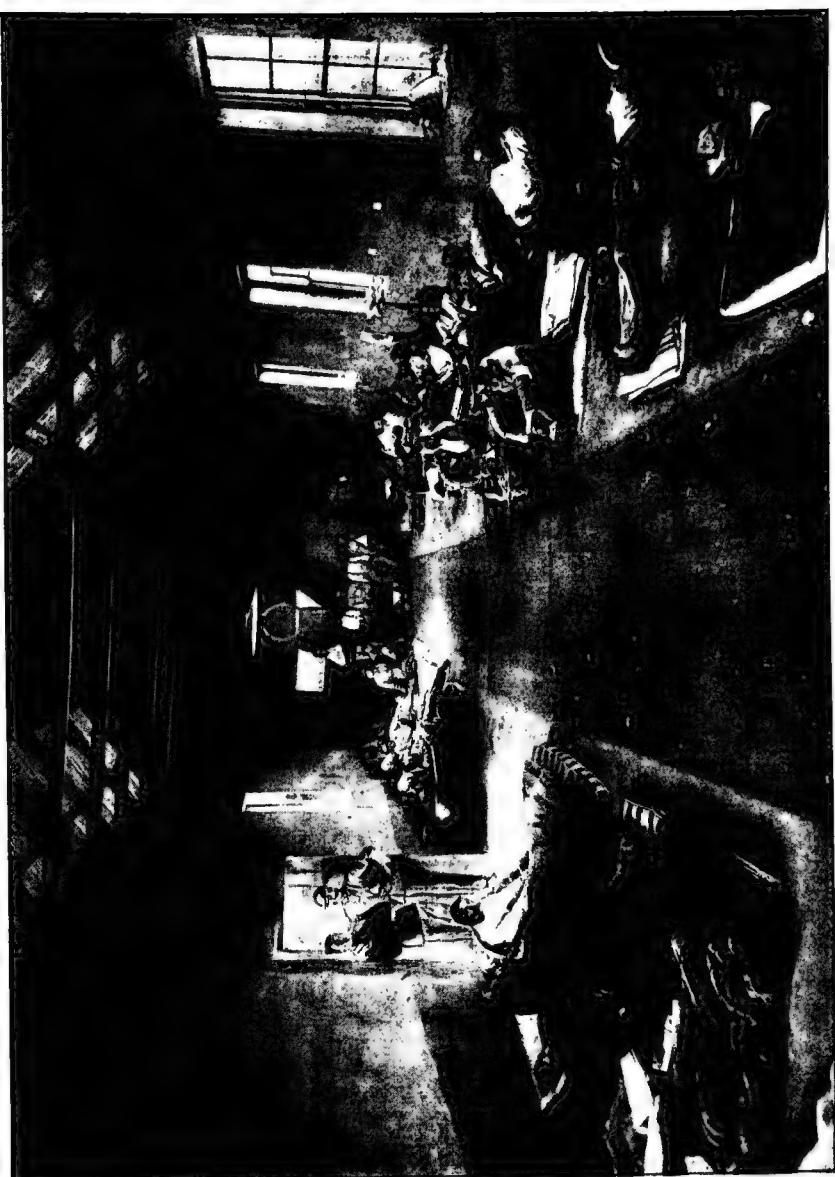
When scouts out patrolling are overtaken in the open by violent hailstorms and no cover is available, a very common and, indeed, necessary practice is for the men to dismount and improvise some sort of shelter by putting their saddles over their heads, and fortunate then is he who has a blanket as well. Our illustration is from a sketch by H. Lea.

A HAILSTORM ON THE VELDT



Major Godley is here shown in his underground bomb-proof telephone office at the headquarters of the western outposts. It will be remembered that one of the features of the defence of the town was the admirable system of telephonic communication by means of which all the outposts were kept in touch with the gallant commander

A GLIMPSE OF MAFECTING DURING THE SIEGE



Among other buildings "commandeered" for the use of wounded is the English Church at Mafeteng, on the Basutoland border. Dr. Sonerry, the resident surgeon, who has been untiring in his efforts to alleviate suffering, is here shown going his rounds. Our illustration is from a photograph by Mee, Maseru

The tide of battle has set steadily northwards, but the hard fighting round Wepener brought about many casualties, and the Public School at Mafeteng was promptly turned into a hospital. Our illustration is from a photograph by Mee, Maseru

HOW THE WOUNDED ARE CARED FOR ON THE BASUTOLAND BORDER

A CHURCH "COMMANDERED" FOR HOSPITAL USES AT MAFETENG

Captain William Henry Trow, of the Volunteer Service Company 1st Shropshire Light Infantry, died of enteric fever at Kronstadt, May 26. He was thirty-five years of age, and had held a captain's commission in the same company since June 14, 1890. He had a certificate of proficiency, and had passed the examination in tactics laid down for captains in the Army. Captain Trow came of a well-known family in Worcestershire, his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather having kept packs of harriers in that county. He was a man of splendid physique and very varied talents, besides being a good lawyer and keen sportsman. Our portrait is by R. L. Bartlett, Shrewsbury.

Captain St. John Meyrick, of the 1st Battalion the Gordon Highlanders, was killed in the recent fighting near Johannesburg. He joined his regiment in 1886, and became captain in 1897. Our portrait is by Lafayette, Dublin.

Lieutenant Hugh Wharton Fife, of the 2nd Battalion Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, was killed in the recent fighting near Johannesburg. He joined the Army in 1893. Our portrait is by W. Salmon, Reading.

Captain Sir J. E. C. Power, Bart., of the 13th Battalion Imperial Yeomanry, died of wounds received at Lindley. He joined the Imperial Yeomanry from the 5th Battalion of the Royal Irish Regiment. Sir John Elliott Cecil Power succeeded his father as the fourth baronet, of Kilfane, co. Kilkenny, in 1892. He was born in 1870. Our portrait is by Church, Curragh Camp.

Captain C. S. Keith, of the Reserve of Officers, was also a member of the unfortunate 13th Battalion of Imperial Yeomanry. He was killed near Lindley. Our portrait is by J. Winter, India.

Lieutenant Patrick Cameron, of Kitchener's Horse, died of wounds received at Winburg, in the Orange River Colony. Our portrait is by Reed, West Strand.

Lieutenant Edwin Harland, of the Hampshire Regiment Mounted Infantry, was killed during the operations for the relief of Mafeking. He joined the Hampshire Regiment in 1892. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry.

Major Cooper, of the Royal Artillery, died of enteric fever at Mooi River. Our portrait is by Brandebourg, Chester.

Second Lieutenant A. C. Fitzgerald Homan, R.A., whose death at Naauwpoort on the 11th ult. has been notified, was the elder son of Rev. J. F. Homan, Rector of Chicklade and of Pertwood, Wilts, and nephew of the late Colonel Bosworth, West India Regiment. Born in 1878, he was educated at Elizabeth College, Guernsey, and the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich. Commissioned in December, 1897, he was posted to 17th Company, Western Division, Royal Garrison Artillery. On the outbreak of the war he volunteered, and was seconded for special service on November 30, 1899. He was attached to the Cape Pioneer Railway Regiment, in which he is reported to have done good service. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Lieutenant Cyril German Danks, 3rd Battalion Manchester Regiment, died at the Cambridge Hospital, Aldershot, on the 31st ult., from the effects of a wound received in the battle of Elands Laagte. Born September, 11, 1875, the only son of the Rev. G. W. Danks, Vicar of Morton, Gainsborough, he joined the Army as second lieutenant in the Manchester Regiment, May 15, 1897, and became lieutenant April 13, 1898. He was serving with his battalion in Natal when the war broke out, and was wounded in his first action. Our portrait is by Wyall and Son, Aldershot.

Assistant-Surgeon L. E. Jackson went with the Indian Contingent to South Africa attached to the 21st Battery Royal Field Artillery. He was taken prisoner at Lombard's Kop, sent to Pretoria, and died there on March 9 of enteric and dysentery. He was only twenty-two years of age.

### The Sirdar

COLONEL SIR FRANCIS WINGATE, who succeeded Lord Kitchener as Sirdar, and put the final touches to the campaign against Mahdism, accompanies the Khedive on his visit. Sir Francis Wingate, who was knighted upon the capture of Omdurman, has been intimately connected with the reconquest of the Soudan. When head of the Intelligence Department in Cairo he engineered the escape of first one and then another famous captive in the Mahdi's clutches, and no man knows more about the history of Mahdism, or ever rendered more valuable service in this connection to the British and Egyptian Governments. He entered the Royal Artillery in 1880. In 1884 he served in the Nile Expedition as acting aide-de-camp and military secretary to the Major-General on the lines of communication. In 1889 he was at Tokar, and two years later at the capture of Tokar. He was with Lord Kitchener in the Dongola Expeditionary Force as Director of Military Intelligence, and was present at Firket and the operations at Uafr.

### The Khedive's Visit

THE Khedive, Abbas Hilmi Pasha, now on a visit to England, is twenty-six. Since he succeeded his father Tewfik, on his sudden death eight years ago, his Highness's life has not been without its excitements. On several occasions he has tried falls with his British guardians, but there are not wanting signs now that he is ready to recognise who are really his best friends. His visit

transactions which are the outcome of Christian influence, and consequently rouse the ire of the most fanatical of his subjects openly accuse him of pandering to English rule. On the hand, the English residents say exactly the reverse, and chapter and verse to justify their opinions. Between these stools he is perpetually falling. It would be impossible to do wise, for every action of any importance he takes must, of course, offend one side or the other. It is impossible therefore not to take a certain amount of sympathy with a young ruler trying to take a position which had been so surrounded with pitfalls that to clear of them all would tax to breaking-strain the powers of the skilled and long-experienced diplomats.

When at home the Khedive may almost be said to live distinct lives—the one in the gratification of agricultural pursuits, the other being in conformity to that destiny which made him heir to the position which his father and grandfather had occupied before him. The first he leads as a farmer and breeder, in his and stables at Koubbeh, and the other when, in uniform, transacts State business at his official residence, Aldeen Palace, Cairo. When he needs relaxation from State worries he retires to Koubbeh, his private residence, and works like any country gentleman on the farms on which he takes so great an interest. The thoroughness with which he does his work here is best attested by the fact that he makes farming pay, and it must be remembered that result is only attained by the Khedive's doing the daily work required before he goes to Abdeen and after his return; or, in other words, before nine o'clock in the morning and after four in the afternoon. And the duty he has to perform between these hours is of the harassing and wearing description.

A great many of these duties are, of course, mere ceremonial, they are none the less trying and exhausting ordeals, as all who know the routine of Eastern palace life will understand. Besides the regular continually arriving from the various departments, which to be read and their contents mastered, foreign Consuls have to be seen, visitors from other countries, who come principally vouchered by the representatives of their respective Governments, have to be given audiences, at which a few appropriate courteous words must be exchanged; then come men who bring things from a totally different standpoint; deputations from mosques, from the bazaars, or sheiks from some influential tribe of Bedouins, who call to pay their respects to the young ruler of the country. All these men have to be spoken to with tact and without a previously acquired knowledge of the subjects which interest them. The Khedive is a great lover of animals, especially of horses, and his stud-farm is by far the best in Egypt. He runs a model dairy, on English lines, he has tried to improve the breeds of Egyptian poultry, and he tries to encourage camel-breeding—his own camel stables containing nearly 200 animals. It is in attention to these matters and to his model farm, a model village at Koubbeh, that the young ruler tries to forget the difficulties attendant upon his position—difficulties which no amount of British tact or far-sightedness on his own part in recognising the advantages to be gained from the support of the country from which he is now visiting can entirely do away with.

His Highness was expected at Port Victoria on Thursday morning, the Duke of Connaught being there to welcome him on the Queen's behalf, and escort him to Buckingham Palace, where he stays as a State guest. A very fine programme is arranged for his week's stay, during this his first visit. It has been arranged that he should go first to the Queen at Windsor, to-day (Saturday) he attends Lady Jersey's garden party at Osterley Park, and dines with the Prince of Wales. On Monday he dines with Lord Salisbury and attends the State Concert, while next day he visits the City, being entertained at the Castle.

WATERLOO DAY ON MONDAY found most of the regiments connected with that great battle in active service once more, though in Africa, in Europe. It was the eighty-fifth anniversary of the battle, and with the war-fever strong upon us the celebration was specially hearty. Emperor William of Germany never forgets the date, and as Colonel-in-Chief of the 1st Royal Dragoons he telegraphed to that regiment in South Africa, "Warmest congratulations to the Royals on this ever-memorable day. William, Emperor."

THE OCEAN PIGEON POST, which the French are trying on their Transatlantic line, is not such a success as hoped. The pigeons tire very soon after being sent off from the liners and settle on any craft which comes in their way, generally some vessel about a day out.

THE POPE'S ARMY is but a small force nowadays, and when the whole contingent turned out for review at the Vatican recently there were but 3,000 all told. There are five divisions—the Guardia Nobile, fifty young aristocrats from stanchial and clerical families; 100 so-called Swiss Guards, some of whom are Italian mountaineers; 100 apiece of the Guardia Palatina, and the Papal Gendarmerie, and thirty firemen.

VERY QUANT STAMPS have been issued in Japan to commemorate the recent marriage of the Crown Prince. The central design is a crane-shaped stand holding a pile of mochi cakes—one for each year of the bridegroom's age—and two pairs of chopsticks—one of wood and one of silver. The happy pair were supposed to eat mochi cakes with chopsticks during the first days after the wedding, any not consumed being solemnly buried. Hence the design. The border displays the Imperial chrysanthemum and the badge of the House of the Emperor, to which the bride belongs.

THE "DYING BOER," the popular toy now being sold in the London streets, is being hawked about the Paris boulevards as "Le dernier soupir de Chamberlain."



THE SIRDAR, SIR FRANCIS REGINALD WINGATE, Who has accompanied the Khedive to England From a Photograph by G. Lekegian and Co., Cairo



ABBAS HILMI, KHEDIVE OF EGYPT, NOW ON A VISIT TO ENGLAND From a Photograph by P. Dittrich, Cairo

## The Court

the Queen is in residence at Windsor. Her Majesty bade farewell to Balmoral until the autumn on Wednesday afternoon. The Court travelled south by the usual special train, and at the Castle to breakfast on Thursday morning. The Duke of York and her children had left a few days earlier, only Queen Victoria and her daughter, Princess Victoria, being with the Queen during the closing portion of her stay in the Highlands. Guests to dinner enlivened the Royal party—Lord Glenesk, Mr. Borthwick, Captain Forbes, of the Gordon Highlanders, including the Royal Guard at Ballater, and Dr. Cameron Lees, who officiated at Divine Service at Balmoral on Sunday. Her Majesty and the Princesses also enjoyed some long drives before spending one afternoon at the Glassalt Shiel, where they had tea. Now the Queen has a good deal of entertaining to do, going to the Isle of Wight about July 17. The Khedive is an important visitor at the Castle, being expected to dine with the Queen last (Friday) night.

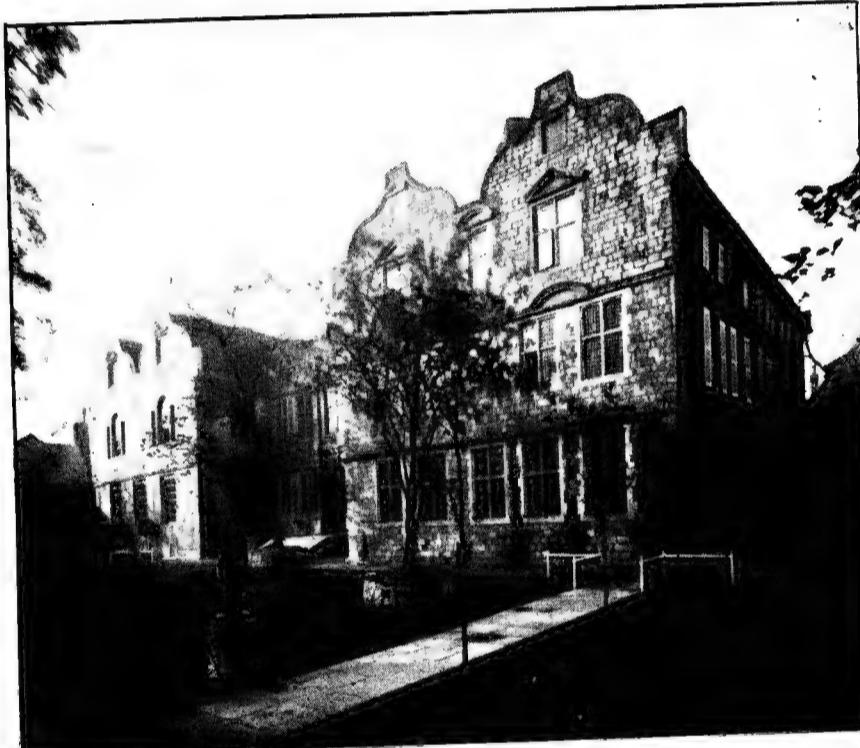
Although there are no State Balls this year owing to the war, entertainments will not be entirely lacking. A State Concert takes place next Monday, and a second a week later—on July 2. One levee is also to be held on the 6th prox., by the Duke of

The Prince and Princess of Wales have been paying the North a visit this week. On the Prince's return to town from Ascot the Duke and Princess Victoria joined him from Sandringham, and on Saturday they went down to Eltham to distribute the prizes at the Royal Naval School. Although the Prince has long been interested in the institution, having maintained a boy there, this was his first visit to the school, so an elaborate welcome was prepared for him. There was a guard of honour at the school entrance, where Admiral the Earl of Clanwilliam received the royal visitors, and presented the Head Master,

Reverend A. E. Rubie, the Council, and the assistant masters. The prize distribution took place in a marquee in the grounds, and after the Prince had made a speech the Prince and Princess had tea in the School. They drove back to Eltham station through Mottingham and the village, gaily decorated in their honour. In the evening the Prince dined with the officers of the 2nd Life Guards, and later accompanied the Princesses to see *Rip Van Winkle* at Her Majesty's Theatre. On Sunday the Prince and Princesses attended church as usual, and next day the Prince and the Duke of York left for York to see the Royal Agricultural Society's Show. The Prince dined that night at the well-known Yorkshire Club, where he stayed during the Society's last Show at York, seventeen years ago, and spent Tuesday closely inspecting the Show. The Princess and her daughter joined the party later in the day, and the Prince and Princess went on to Newcastle-on-Tyne on Wednesday, for the Prince to lay the foundation-stone of the new Infirmary. Meanwhile the Duke of York had been staying with the Earl and Countess of Laversham at Duncombe Park, one of the finest country seats in Yorkshire. The ruins of Rievaulx Abbey are in the Park grounds. On Wednesday he visited Helmsley and laid the foundation-stone of a new Town Hall, afterwards rejoining the Prince at York for a second visit to the Show. York also took the opportunity to confer the freedom of the city on the Prince of Wales. The Princesses, however, returned to town from Newcastle, the Prince and Duke of York following later in time to entertain the Khedive, who dines at Marlborough House to-night (Saturday).



THE LATE PRINCE DE JOINVILLE  
Last surviving son of Louis Philippe



THE FRONT OF THE HOUSE



THE ENTRANCE HALL

The Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, while in York at the Royal Show, stayed at the Treasurer's House. The history of this house begins with Thomas, Archbishop of York, who was appointed in 1070. He found the Minster in a bad state, and appointed a Chancellor, Treasurer, and Prebendaries, and built them suitable residences, one of them being the Treasurer's House. This first house was burnt down in 1137, and was rebuilt in Edward I's reign. Archbishop Young, in Queen Elizabeth's time, pulled down the Great

THE TREASURER'S HOUSE AT YORK WHERE



THE MORNING ROOM

Hall of the house. The last Treasurer was William Clyffe, who resigned his dignities to Henry VIII., since when it has passed through several hands, has been added to considerably, and has recently been completely overhauled and restored under the direction of Mr. Temple More. Our illustrations are from photographs by W. Ellis, Hackney.

THE PRINCE OF WALES HAS BEEN STAYING

According to present arrangements, both the Prince and Princess of Wales will be going abroad at the end of the season. They will be at Cowes for the yachting, and afterwards the Prince proposes to go to Hamburg and the Princess to Denmark to see her father. When the Princess comes home again in the autumn Princess Maud will return with her, whilst Prince Charles is cruising in his vessel, the *Hekla*.

The Duke and Duchess of York have numerous provincial engagements in view for next month. On the 9th prox., the Duchess goes to Bognor to open the Duchess of Teck's Memorial Home and the Victorian Convalescent Home for Surrey women—both erected by anonymous donors. Ten days later the Duke and Duchess visit the Thames Nautical College to present the prizes to the cadets, and on the 23rd they stay a couple of days with the Earl and Countess of Dartmouth, at Patsull Park, Wolverhampton, in order to lay the foundation-stone of the new Free Library, and lunch at the Royal Orphanage. To-day (Saturday) is the sixth birthday of little Prince Edward of York.

The older generation of the Orleans Royal Family are fast passing away. Now the Prince de Joinville has gone over to the great majority, so that only one of the eight children of Louis Philippe now survives, the Princess Clementine, mother of Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria—a hale old lady of eighty-three. The Orleans Princes have always been so attached to England—where they were so kindly welcomed in their time of exile—that the Prince de Joinville stands out as an exception, being a red-hot Anglophobe. Yet the bluff sailor might have been expected to have much in common with Englishmen, if only through his profession. François Ferdinand Louis Marie Philippe d'Orléans, third son of Louis Philippe and Marie Amélie, was just upon eighty-two at the time of his death. Most of his life had been spent in the Navy, and he had seen some good hard fighting—in Mexico, Morocco, and the Franco-German War, where, though refused permission to serve by the Republic, he fought *incognito* as Colonel Lutherod, following the example of his nephew and son-in-law, the Duc de Chartres. One incident stands out in his life—he was captain of the ship *La Belle Paule*, which brought home the remains of the Great Napoleon from St. Helena to their last resting-place in the Paris Invalides. When King Louis Philippe fell in 1848, the Prince de Joinville went to the United States and saw much of the Civil War, and remained in exile till the end of the Napoleonic Empire. Then he sat in the French Parliament until the law against Pretenders and their families obliged him to retire into private life. But he still lived in Paris, devoting himself to writing on naval matters and to sport. Last spring he had a bad attack of pneumonia, and a return of the same illness has now brought him to the grave. Married to a Brazilian Princess, Françoise of Braganza, sister of the last Emperor, the Prince had been a widower for some years and leaves two children, the Duc de Penthièvre and the Duchesse de Chartres. The Prince de Joinville was one of the finest men of a handsome family, and his stately bearing and genial manners made him very popular in his own country. He was a very intellectual man and a thoroughly capable writer on naval affairs. In his lighter moments he sketched and painted well, having inherited his artistic tastes from his mother. The Prince is to be buried in the family vault at Dreux.

The end of Princess Beatrice's yachting cruise was not so agreeable as the beginning. The Royal yacht ran into very bad weather on the Cornish coast, and accordingly came back to Plymouth. The Princess and her children returned to Windsor in time to welcome the Queen, and will not go abroad until Her Majesty goes to Scotland late in August.



DRAWN BY J. NASH, R.I.

FROM A SKETCH BY LIONEL JAMES

During the advance on Kroonstad, General French, after crossing the Zand River, tried to secure the railway beyond the town in order to demoralise the retreat of General Botha's forces. Eventually, having advanced some distance, it was impossible to move further. The force had marched forty miles, and had been two days without supplies, but Major Hunter-Weston and the scout Burnham, with eight mounted sappers and one squadron, started with the object of cutting the railway. The squadron was subsequently left behind as being too cumbersome for the delicate operation. They came in contact with patrols of the enemy, and found that the Boers had a systematic line of pickets. Turning in towards America Siding, they found the Boer army retreating; some were bivouacking along the line. Major Hunter-Weston and Burnham were forced to proceed alone. They surprised a vedette post of two men and took them prisoners. They were repeatedly challenged by passing Boers, but effected a ruse by lying

down, their horses in the dark being then mistaken for loose animals. Major Hunter-Weston and Burnham again crept forward and lay down by the side of the road, wagons, guns, and troops of the retreating enemy passing close by and almost over them. Under cover of the noise of the wagons they succeeded in arriving at the railroad at a point where they had the shelter of the embankment, and again watched commando after commando of mounted Boers passing within a few yards of them. Then the charge having been laid and the fuse lighted, they crept back as before and rejoined the party. An explosion followed, causing a buzz of excitement and alarm among the Boers. The party dashed clear in loose formation and encountered a strong patrol, whom they captured. They broke their rifles, brought away seven prisoners, and ran the gauntlet under heavy fire, suffering only one slight casualty.

## MAJOR HUNTER-WESTON'S DARING EXPEDITION TO DESTROY THE RAILWAY NEAR KROONSTAD



"In retreat as in advance," writes Mr. Fripp, "the Boers adhere to the principle of doing as much damage as they can, and since Lord Roberts started on his famous march from Bloemfontein they have retreated much, and consequently destroyed much. Large bridges on the Vet, Dorn, and Zand Rivers

were blown up, and the transport trains following in the wake of the British forces were compelled to use the old drifts. Only when miles of deviation lines have been laid down can the railway traffic be resumed."

ON THE ROAD TO PRÉTORIA: WAGGONS CROSSING THE VET RIVER DRIFT

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. FRIPP, R.W.S.

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## CHLORIS OF THE ISLAND

By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON. Illustrated by C. E. and H. M. BROCK

## CHAPTER XVI.

EN THE BROTHER AND  
THE SISTER

PHILIP CARMICHAEL piloted it to Lynsea, and, leaping the jetty, ran up the tamarisk towards the house. Here he met him, and, with a outbreak of light and colour face, sprang to him, and him if he had been in

"Why yes, I have, Sis," said he. "I cracked with Mr. Lieutenant Gelli-  
brand's orders. And a devilish it buck is he, though he gets in his cups."

Chloris paid this opinion no but searched his countenance by, as though she hesitated to more and would have read the answer to her unuttered

"What is Marlock?" she at last speaking rather low. "And the news from Marlock?"

"Not a jot," said he idly, and making a call upon his memory, "Stap me; yes there's dead there, that we know."

"My God!" cried Chloris, white at a blow and trembling.

"Tut, there's no harm," said Philip, who was still warm enough with the wine to miss her agitation. "Twas Jules, the long-legged fellow, though you may not have seen him. And that brings something to my mind, and I will have it out with Nick."

"Jules!" she breathed deeply, placing her fingers upon the bosom of her dress. "No, I know him not," and the colour ran back into her face till it glowed once more. "There is no other dead?" she asked.

Philip cast a glance at her. "Faith, you are all for skeletons to-day, Miss; you are turned into a ghoul in your taste for corpses. But I cannot oblige you; you must do your own killing, or, maybe, Warburton will do it for you."

He laughed at his weak jest, and Chloris struck in hastily. "Mr. Warburton," she said. "What of him? Is he—?"

"Why, 'twas he killed this fellow," said Philip more soberly. "His damned stiff body and tough arms were too much for the Frenchman. Gad, he had me about the neck myself to-day."

"He was attacked?" cried Chloris sharply.

Philip shrugged his shoulders. "Better ask Nick," said he. "I know nothing of it. He broke t'other's neck."

"I am glad he broke his neck! My God! I am glad he broke his neck!" cried Chloris fiercely. Philip turned on her eyes of surprise, and she broke out at him. "Tis true," she exclaimed, "and I would to God he would break the necks of any others guilty of such a dastardly attempt."

Philip grinned. "Twas not I, Sis," he said with mock terror. "Twas not I, indeed. You must have it out with Nick, and in truth I will help you. He has no right to take the command so greatly in his own hands. Because my father is ill he thinks he has full liberty and authority over all. Hang me, he shall hear otherwise, shall Nick." He advanced more quickly to the house, and suddenly stopped, while his jaw dropped on a most discomfiting recollection. "By the Lord, it cannot be true," he said, almost to himself. "Yet I will have that out also," and he hurried into the house with an angry step. The room which he entered was the library, and was tenanted by Nicholas Carmichael, who stood by the window with an impatient look upon his face, while Sir Stephen lay upon a couch in the corner.

Philip's loud footsteps broke the stillness.

"I tell you what it is, Nick," he began angrily. "You take too much upon yourself. You ignore the rest of us, and will end in fetching us into trouble. This house does not exist in behalf of Nicholas Carmichael alone; there are others of your blood, including my father."

"What is this bad temper?" asked Nicholas, darting a glance at his brother.

"You know well enough. I go to Marlock to effect some business with Gellibrand, according to your recommendation, and I find you have been practising your tricks on Warburton. He had me by the heels nicely. Damme, I hadn't a word for myself."

"What the devil is it you mean?" asked Nicholas impatiently.

"Why, nothing but that your ugly little plot failed, that's all," sneered Philip. "Jules lies with a broken neck, and Warburton moves about as stern as a



"Nicholas Carmichael stood by the window with an impatient look upon his face, while Sir Stephen lay upon a couch in the corner. Philip's loud footsteps broke the stillness. 'I tell you what it is, Nick,' he began angrily. 'You take too much upon yourself!'"

magistrate and as cool as a hangman. Faith and it will come to his hanging of us some of these days. 'Twas an ugly plot—a damnable ugly plot."

Nicholas Carmichael had started and frowned at the news, but now he himself asked contemptuously "What plot?"

"Rubbish!" said his brother. "You know what I mean and all

"What does he say?" asked Nicholas shortly.

"Why, that you are traitors to the King," said Philip hotly, "and he has a letter from Bonaparte to prove it." Nicholas looked at his father and some communication sprang between them. "What he says is true," he replied. "We are for Ireland and not the red-coats."

"What?" said Philip in amazement. "You are in treaty with the French?"

"Fool, do you suppose there is any love between Carmichael and the English?" asked his brother. "You should know our history better. The Carmichael stand for a united Ireland and the breaking of the chains."

Philip, sobered and astonished, was silent; then he made a gesture of dismay. "I should have known this before; it was my right to have known it," he said sullenly. "I care not a curse for Ireland; I was brought up English, and I would have joined the army. Damme," he turned angrily on Nicholas, "I tell you I would do it now, and help to fight this Bonaparte with whom you are intriguing."

Nicholas turned from him with silent contempt, but at that instant there was another voice, and Chloris was within the room, her face hot with passion.

"We are traitors, then, are we?" she cried. "Traitors to the country in which we live! I have lived to learn much to-day, and that is to be ashamed of the blood which runs in my body, and of which I have always been so proud. I thought it stained by nothing, but he was right—Mr. Warburton was right. Our blood is dishonourable; we come of an infected race. I would not have believed the tale if I had not heard it from your lips."

"Stay, Chloris," said Nicholas angrily. "You will say what you had better not. You have said too much. You are a child, and know nothing of such affairs."

"I know this," she exclaimed passionately, "that I would die rather than stab a man in the dark, and that's our blood! Said too much! I have not said a tithe of what is owing. See, Nicholas Carmichael, I have put up with you as blood-brother of mine, deeming you hard and cruel, and partaking of that heat which I share myself. But I had never thought you treacherous nor cowardly, and that is what you are."

"Silence!" said Nicholas furiously. "Father, bid her be silent."

The old man on the couch lifted his hand feebly, but no words came from his lips, which laboured under paralytic excitement.

"I will not be silent!" she called. "Have I not heard what you would have done in Marlock last night, and how you set bravoes on Mr. Warburton, a brave man, if your enemy? He at least is an open foe, and professes nothing; he does not strike by daggers in the night. But I warn you that he will pull you to destruction, as you richly deserve. My father knows nothing of this. He is fooled by you. I—I know nothing of politics and State, but—good God—I am a traitor—we are an infected race," and



"She fell, striking her head upon the table, and rolling thence to the floor. Nicholas Carmichael strode from the room in his high passion, not looking behind him."

she flung up her long arms helplessly with the short sob of a reaction.

Philip uttered an uncomfortable laugh. "Gad, sis, do you cast your eyes that way? I believe you have a fancy for the man."

Sir Stephen bended upon his daughter deep eyes of an inscrutable charness, as if he could tear forth her secrets; but it was Nicholas who spoke in calm, white heat.

"You shall go to your room, madam," he said. "Do you suppose I am going to stand these hysterical indictments? Bring your charges against others but not your family. What is this man Warburton to you that you should be so anxious for his safety? And as for other matters, you confess you do not understand. You are a mere child at nurse, and would be at your mother's strings had she lived, poor lady. You are better in your room than meddling in what concerns you not."

"Had my mother lived you would not have been what you are, Nick," broke out Chloris bitterly.

"Bah!" he cried. "What shame is it to be an enemy to the country you hate?"

"Tis the country that has harboured and befriended us," she returned sadly. "But I will not intermeddle with your designs; they are nothing to me, save that I must bear my share of the shame. If you would ally yourself with Bonaparte, in God's name do so; but you shall not commit murder. That, at least, is not part of your political plan."

Nicholas made no answer, but a sour smile passed across his face. Chloris turned swiftly to her father.

"Speak, father," she urged. "Tell him this must not be, that he exceeds himself. His black passion carries him too far, and he shall not so disgrace the name as to associate with bravoes and assassins."

Sir Stephen shook his head, having not yet the power of speech, but his expression was unhappy and marked with alarm, as he followed his daughter with anxious, wondering eyes. Nicholas spoke roughly.

"What do you know of my actions, or what I am privy to? You know too much. Because your Mr. Warburton is assailed, am I his keeper?"

"God shall judge whether you be or not," she answered solemnly. "You may hide much from me, but not from Him."

Nicholas shrugged his shoulders. "Tis time you were in your room. Go to your room, simpleton, and pray or what you will. We have business."

Her eyes flashed back at him, but she went, withdrawing slowly and with dignity, and going, cast one glance at Philip, who stood uneasily gnawing his thumb, and frowning. Sir Stephen still gazed after his daughter with that fearful and questioning look.

Chloris locked the door of her room and confronted her terrors. She had recognised the hard black mask which Nicholas Carmichael's face was wont to become on the eve of some desperate resolution. He was then in the still whiteness of anger which would subsequently break and leap in a tempest of flame. She feared him and his designs, and sat above in her chamber waiting until their deliberations should be brought to a conclusion. Her heart fled to Warburton instantly, fluttering like a bird that would defend her young; she dreamed of danger to him, now that she knew how unscrupulously he had been attacked. The shame, too, of that new revelation overbore her, who had all her life been familiar with the free-trade conspiracy, and thought no harm of it. The country-side was in league to thwart His Majesty's Customs, and the stern laws, and there was none who lived upon those coasts who would think badly of the smugglers. But this traffic with one who the common air about her had taught to consider as the enemy came upon her with a stroke of horror. She moved among the news bewildered, able to fix her mind upon one fact only, and that was the increased peril in which Warburton stood. If this were the secret he held, what would not be plotted against him; he was not safe a day, nay, an hour, nor a minute longer. He must be warned, and yet, with the warning fresh in his ears, she knew that he would heed it not. What course could she pursue to save him while yet there was time? She deliberated until in her excitement her brain swam, and yet no way opened out of the blind and terrible road.

Chloris was aroused some time in the early darkness of the evening by Philip's voice calling on her. She opened the door and he entered.

"Well," says he with a grimace, "still sulking, sis?"

"What have you been doing?" she asked quickly.

"Oh, the schooner," he answered lightly. "She must leave to-morrow night at latest."

"Is that all?" she asked sharply.

He examined her face. "Faith, you're a spitfire," he said. "No, there's naught that you need trouble your head with."

"You have some new plot against Mr. Warburton?" she cried fiercely.

Philip did not deny it. "Come, sis, do not be foolish. The man must go somehow. I hate this business of Boney's, but you see 'tis impossible now that we should let him go."

"What! You will throw in your lot, then, with that traitor Nicholas?" she asked, with heavy breathing.

"No; he may be damned," says Philip. "I will not meddle with it. I am for King George and not King Boney. I'll be hanged if I move a finger. But Warburton must go. Come, Chloris, you must see that much."

She put him aside without a word, as though she by that act spurned with contempt a voice that had no weight, and passed softly and rapidly down the stairway into the hall. At the back of the hall a door stood ajar, from which a light streamed, and this she pushed open, stepped across the threshold, clicked the latch behind her, and was face to face with her brother Nicholas. Out of her own features had been suddenly struck all the emotion and anger which she had previously exhibited; her brow was serene, pale, and splendid, and only the quick fluctuations of her dress witnessed to that intestine passion. She had controlled herself, surely as never Carmichael had before; under so great a burden of love and fear she walked.

Nicholas Carmichael was of a hard, hot spirit, capable of fanaticism, ardent to the point of insanity. The Irish blood on which the race was founded had been joined in these Carmichaels by a sterner northern current, as their very name witnessed; and these two forces, antagonistic, yet confluent, and mingling in amazing incongruity, were present and visible, especially in the elder son of the

house. Sir Stephen was a better and durable man, whose native ardour had been chilled by the deposits of age; he offered now a cold, contained face to the world, yet underneath the fires burned still—which was why he cherished to the end the ideals of his patriotism. In his son these characters were enlarged and informed with extravagant enthusiasms; his spirit was open and large, and his mind narrow as the way to Heaven, mean and spurious. Apart from their colour, beauty, and their strong emotions there was little in common between Nicholas and his brother or Nicholas and his sister. Yet if he had an affection for any of his family it was Chloris whom he loved, and he eyed her now thoughtfully and even kindly, and with a calm as great as her own.

"What is it you want, Chloris?" he asked.

"Nick, Philip tells me"—she spoke slowly—"that you are making a plan to contrive the death of Mr. Warburton, whom you have already twice assaulted. Is this so?"

Nicholas uttered an exclamation of annoyance. "What! Must we go through this again?" he asked. "I have told you that I could lend no attention to your advice. It is foolish in you."

"It is true, then?" she said quickly. "You are going to slay him by any trick or cowardly device you may."

"My plans are not for hysterical girls," he said shortly, turning to the wall on which hung many weapons.

"Listen to me, Nick," she said commandingly. "You are entering on a warfare in behalf of some ideal of yours. I say nothing against it, for it maybe that you are right when you accuse me of ignorance. But one thing I may ask, and do ask, that this war be fair and square, and that it does not involve you in the arts and practices of the assassin. Take down your sword and musket by all means, if you will, but take them down honestly to take your own risks and in the face of your enemy."

"Do you accuse me of cowardice?" he asked with a sneer.

"No; but of treachery and dark deeds which are worse than cowardice," she said. "For the coward at least has the excuse of his vice, but the brave man has none. I will not believe that you meditate a crime, Nick. It is impossible."

"That is right," answered Nicholas coldly. "Believe nothing, but go back to your broidery."

"Do you think I will go content with that?" she cried, giving way to the fire in her blood. "Do you think I do not know what you purpose? You are a devil, Nicholas Carmichael, but you shall not have your way."

"Why," said he, with a cool, contemptuous smile, "I think you are wrong, Chloris. 'Tis the gentleman himself that has armed us with our opportunities. He holds his tongue too long."

"What!" she cried. "And because he has not given you up to justice, you would destroy him! What generosity, what gratitude!"

"You do not understand," he answered impatiently. "He is holding out for purposes of his own. Do you not suppose he knows the dread and doubt that hang over this island of Lynsea? He has us in his grip, but he shall wait too long."

"Nick, Nick," she pleaded, putting her arms on him. "Do you not see by his silence for so long that he cannot mean to betray you? He would have done it else. What reason could he have for silence? I believe, Nick, that he has repented of his determination to be revenged; nay, Nick, Nick, it may be that he has had his revenge," she cried, sobbing on his shoulder. "Who can say? Who can say? But give him the chance. Let me dissuade him; I will take the office on myself, my brother. I feel sure that I could persuade him to silence. Let me try. Let me try."

Nicholas scowled on her darkly. "I do not understand this," said he, "nor what this scene means. What business have you in these matters? What have you to do with this man Warburton that you plead so for his life?"

"I would plead for any brave man's life," she answered. "I would plead to save you from the stain of blood-guiltiness."

"Bah!" he returned sharply. "There is more warmth in your voice and body than comes of any fine theory. What is it has happened to you? I have a thought that you look too kindly on this fellow. Better shake off such silly sentiments, for he is bound to die. We cannot let him live. What is it to you?"

Chloris dropped his arm and stood up, white, and shaking like a reed in the wind, all her passion, long unnaturally pent, broken out of hand and keeping—the living daughter of that untoward race. "What is it to me?" she repeated, and in so blind a madness did she speak, that his face was blurred before her eyes. "I will tell you, Nicholas Carmichael. He is more to me than you and all my blood, more than my life; a thousand times more than you," she repeated, stamping her foot, while her pallor was instantly charged with a heavy shock of blood. "You are welcome to the news. I am proud of it. I glory in it. There is that between us that none can destroy or render null."

Nicholas uttered a cry of rage and made a step towards her, but she drew back. "Hear me," she cried. "I tell you that I would not change what has been. I belong to him; my soul and my life are swallowed up in him; he commands me. Yes, it is I, the girl, your sister, that prayed and played with you who speak, I, the maiden, the sanctuary of ignorance, who was kept to childhood and knew nothing, dreamed nothing, learned nothing, and desired nothing. Behold, I am now newly come to my proper estate. I am a woman, Nicholas Carmichael, and I rejoice in that crown of womanhood. You cannot hinder me; and as for the man I love, he shall not die; I tell you he shall not die."

As she spoke her brother's face grew livid with the intensity of his fury; his eyes shot blood, and his mouth was set horribly, his frantic fingers moved swiftly to the wall, and with an inarticulate cry he pulled a dagger from the rack.

"He shall not die," cried Chloris, savagely triumphant.

Nicholas raised his arm, the light gleaming on the blue steel, and in his violent eyes, and for a moment he hesitated. Then he flung down the weapon.

"Fool!" he said hoarsely. "Now he is assured of death," and took a step towards the door.

She uttered a cry and moved towards him as though to hold him back, but with a movement of great force he thrust at her brutally with his arms, and she fell, striking her head upon the table, and rolling thence to the floor. Nicholas Carmichael strode from the room in his high passion, not looking behind him, and, when in the hall, turned the key in the door.

"Ere she rise again her lover will have perished," he said savagely to himself.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### WHAT CHLORIS CARRIED ACROSS THE WATER

CHLORIS opened her eyes in faint wonder, and gazed about the prison. Originally part of the ancient hall, this chamber is to the height of two stories, and was lighted from windows in the oaken walls. It now served Nicholas for a private and bore the appearance of an armoury, so set and bristling with weapons and trophies. Half-way up the walls ran a balcony, from which once musicians had played to the in the hall. Chloris lifted her head from the floor, ached dully, throbbing from her temples to the nape of neck. She passed her hand across it to stay the medal pain, and beheld it came back to her streaked with blood. She disentangled out of her confused memories the picture of quarrel and that struggle, and with this inflowing recollection the prick of fear and the desire of action. There was a abroad for Warburton, and she must bring him help, between him and death. No longer would she plead with unnatural brother, for the hour was gone by for words, and no short of deeds would save her lover. It would have been best he consented to her wishes, left the Carmichaels to the hand of God, and withdrawn from that inhospitable and deadly coast, he had refused, and she had now no thought to move him; passion had gone into the war of those bewildering ones which had racked her lately, and had come forth solitary, whole and unscathed. It must not be that which should give for there was no power to stand against that, no force upon world, nay, and no hopes of any other; and since Warburton denied her request, and still stood for vengeance, she must his vengeance. For his love, and to preserve him, she must break all the sacred ties of blood, and make a holocaust of what had till now guarded equal with her own life and honour.

Chloris saw this one way clear before her, for of a sudden clouds rose from her bewildered and aching brain, and all her was incredibly distinct with light. An ancient ink-horn stood a table, and here she sat down to write under an inspiration knew not whence.

"Sir," so her pen ran quickly, "my brother, Nicholas Carmichael has plotted a wicked deed. He designs the death of Mr. Warburton now in Marlock, and is on his way even now to accomplish. Hasten, sir, to put Mr. Warburton under your protection, and to seize my brother, Nicholas Carmichael. Sir, if this be not evidence enough, I charge him with free-trading. The boat lies now in Lynsea rocks. I beg you, sir, to take him and hold him."

"Your faithful and obedient servant,

"CHLORIS CARMICHAEL."

When she had finished she sealed the letter, addressed it to a justice in the neighbourhood of Marlock, and put it in her bosom. Then she cast her eyes busily about the room; it was her jail. She tried the door, which would not budge, and no windows opened into the floor. High above the balcony was set the one communication with the world beyond, now fast dwindling into darkness, but still faintly visible under the lingering western glow. If she were to escape it must be by this, and her fears goading her forward, she cast about for some means to reach the window. The balcony was gained from a closet beyond by a short winding stair, but she found the door of this closet locked, and no efforts of hers could loosen the heavy oak. Abandoning this route, she examined the walls with swift flying eyes; they were, as has been described, covered with weapons of all times and countries; trophies of arms were converted into curious and orderly figures, strung from nail and cords. Would they bear her weight?

Chloris drew up chairs to the wall below the gallery, and, standing tiptoe upon these, stretched forth her slender arms toward the trophy next above her, which was fixed some feet lower than the gallery. She caught the butt of two muskets, one in each hand, and, with a jerk, flew upwards, swaying against the wall. Yet the structure held even under that rude shock, and, shifting her hold, she pulled herself by stages painfully, higher and higher until hung in the very centre of the arms, and rested her feet also on the staunch stack. Gaining her breath, she measured the distance with a glance, and, pausing not, leaped with outcast hands across the intervening space between her and the gallery. Her body struck the rails heavily, and with the blow she was almost hurled down into the room below; yet her eager fingers stayed her in the clutching fiercely, greedily, and there she hung for a little, half out of, of the balcony until, her strength and life returning, was able to crawl over the rails and drop in a heap upon the gallery floor.

She was on her feet in a few minutes, and had the long window—a slit of visible twilight twenty feet above the gravel path which bordered a little orchard lawn. Below was no footpath, merely vacany until the ground, and there was but one way down to leap. Chloris did not shrink, though at another time the thought of that great fall would have sent in anticipation a horrible shiver throughout her body. Instead she put her hands to the sill, slipped lightly through, and dropping to the full length of her arms was thus momentarily suspended above freedom. Then she let go and fell. Her feet struck the walk dully, and every bone and sinew and fibre in her delicate body seemed to rip, break in pieces, crumple into a hot mass of pain. When she gathered her together and staggered to her feet she found to her surprise that she could walk, for it had seemed to her that life itself must have cracked in that horrible shock. She moved away, therefore, swiftly as she might, dragging one leg behind the other, her tattered muscles aching acutely, but her mind still fast set and pointing the way only, and her courage still indomitable and ardent.

(To be continued)



"LEAN'S ROYAL NAVY LIST" (Witherby and Co.), the edition of which is just published, is to be congratulated on completing its twenty-second year. Lieutenant-Colonel Lean has won a high reputation for the accuracy of his "List," which arrangement and easiness of reference is a model of what such a book should be. There is room for an Army List compiled on the same principles.

## "Place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

WHAT merit deserves success is a fact occasionally disputed, but a brilliant example of Lord Roberts merely proves its truth. The Marshal is adored by his troops, and why? Because of his tact, his unselfishness, and his wonderful kindness. Conduct forms a great part of his life, religion without cant, coupled the profoundest sense of duty. All these sterling qualities have been at a discount lately. It was fashionable to show sm., to sneer at goodness, and at those who showed a strong sense of right and wrong. For the future we may hope to see disciples to altruism, both men and women, for the secret of victory is certainly the secret of unselfishness.

Gordon Highlanders, now said to be one of the finest regiments in the world, come from a race of sturdy and hard men. To day the gillie can outwalk the lowlander and live on the best food. Not so very long ago—viz., at the end of last year—a well-known writer gave an account of a hunting breakfast taken with the various members and relations of a Scotch family. The following was the breakfast menu:—One kit of boiled eggs, a second full of butter, a third full of cream, an entire cheese of its milk, a large earthen pot full of honey—who does not know the delicious heather honey?—the best part of a ham, a cold bacon patty, a bushel of oatmeal made into thin cakes and biscuits, with a small white loaf in the middle for the strangers, a stone bottle full of whiskey, another full of brandy, and a hockin of ale. There was a ladle chained to the cream kit, with various wooden bickers to be filled from this reservoir. The spirits to be drunk out of a silver quaich or cup, and the ale out of horns.

Great justice was done to the collation by the guests in general; one of them in particular ate above two dozen of hard eggs, with a proportionable quantity of bread and butter and honey, nor was there one drop of liquor left upon the board. Finally a large roll of tobacco was presented by way of dessert, and each individual took a comfortable quid to prevent any bad effects from the morning air. No wonder the descendants of such hearty and convivial spirits are stalwart men.

Madame Calvé has announced her intention of leaving the operatic for the dramatic stage, much to the dismay of her admirers. Her example is to be followed both by Miss Marie Tempest and by Madame Rose Caron, the great interpreter of Salammbo, Elsa, and Elizabeth in Paris. All these ladies declare that the music hampers their dramatic instincts, and serves but as a trammel to their emotions. Perhaps that is why up to the present, until the advent of Wagner, opera singers never attempted, except in a futile kind of way, to act their parts.

Summer came upon us suddenly, with the usual surprise our English climate has accustomed us to, and, as usual, the first impulse of the Londoner is to fly to the river. There, by the sedged banks, idly drifting in the shade, real enjoyment and rest may be attained. But the river-seeker stultifies these apparent results, and lives in a fever of activity. All day the water is covered with a succession of steam launches, each larger and more hideous than the last, regattas, *flotes*, and fireworks fill the leisure hours. These are all very well, but the epicure loves boating. He likes to steer his boat into the cosiest nook, to take out his luncheon or his tea basket, to dally with the pretty girls on board his craft; to fish nominally, to doze in reality, to drowse, to float away the sultry summer's day. That is what the river was created for, and not for noise and turmoil and steam, and bands of tippers, who are gradually making it hideous and impossible for the lovers of nature.

On the whole, dress does not seem to affect men's devotion. The best-dressed women often have the least faithful of husbands, and those who make the most splendid and fashionable of appearances are often least admired of their family. When a man once loves a woman deeply, when she has grown a part of himself, a necessary of his life, his dearest companion and friend, the artificial glamour of looks seems to fall from him. He loves the woman, not the face, the hair, the eyes, the figure. Women who make themselves miserable because they cannot afford to dress better or more expensively should remember this. It is the personality a man worships and clings to and not the outer garments.

Miss Margaret Macintyre, who has returned with much *fad* to Covent Garden opera this summer, comes of a very musical family. Some of her cousins could sing in part songs at an early age. Music was their passion and their recreation, and she herself, at six years old, used to perch on the nursery chest of drawers to pour forth her carols. Frequently, as she was lifted off and placed on the ground, the child would return again to her elevated position, thus plainly foreshadowing her future career on the concert platform.

The fifteenth annual meeting of the Soldiers and Sailors' Families Association, which has done such good work during the war, will be held on June 26, at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea. H.R.H. the Princess of Wales, who takes the deepest interest in the affairs of the society, will preside. On this occasion several wives and mothers of the soldiers serving in South Africa will be presented to Her Royal Highness, and this agreeable ceremony will, no doubt, afford the greatest pleasure to the poor women concerned.

Yet another lady dramatist has come to the fore. This time it is Mrs. W. K. Clifford, who is to have the good fortune of seeing her work interpreted by no less an artist than Mrs. Kendal.

Ladies who show such inconsiderateness to horses in stopping omnibuses every few yards, may be interested to know that a 'bus horse does on an average sixteen miles a day, which, with the heavy loads and the frequent stoppages, forms no light day's work. The driver on his part holds the ribbons for about eighty-five miles a day, a hard task considering the difficulties and dangers of the streets. The companies give no holidays, and if a 'bus-driver wants one he must take it at his own expense. The result is, no doubt, satisfactory to the pockets of the directors, but less so to the constitution of the man, who is on duty, fair weather or foul, for fifteen hours a day, year in, year out.

Boys have all been struck with the war fever. The popular game is war, the popular pastime marching with stick or flag, engaging in mimic battles, wearing medals and portraits of distinguished officers. The smallest child listens attentively to deeds of heroism and bravery, and worships its own calendar saint, the

soldier of its predilection. The child of one of my friends, who combines an active interest in religion with an ardent enthusiasm for war, recently remarked to his governess, that "it was a pity God ever made any Boers, but no doubt now he had discovered his mistake, he would make no more."

The artificial carnations which have been much in evidence lately at bazaars and other functions, hail from France. They are made, it is said, from beetroot and steeped in some kind of penetrating perfume which certainly resembles the scent of the carnation most wonderfully. When fresh they would almost deceive the expert's eye.

Ladies have been very busy of late choosing their Ascot dresses, for although so many men are at the front, the ordinary functions of the season, the Derby, Ascot, etc., still continue to receive attention. Dressmakers have been sorely put to it to fulfil orders, not because they have been as hard worked as usual, but because so many young women who generally earn their living as dressmakers' apprentices, have given their services to the Woman's Exhibition at Earl's Court. One thing acts and reacts on another, and the dressmakers are at their wits' end to fulfil orders.

Society this year has taken its pleasure in the country. Weekend parties, river parties, parties for Ascot, have been all the rage, and these parties require an even larger and more varied assortment of toilettes, for the same guests meeting every day, must not be seen in the same dress. So muslins, serges, linens, and gauzes are made up in increasing variety, and with increasing luxury of lace, ribbons, chiffon, etc. Blouses for the country are exceptionally pretty, and as diaphanous as the summer breeze.



1. Half-mourning toilette in cream silk and black lace. Skirt pleating in groups of five tucks, with black silk stitching in the centre of each tuck, and rollings of black lace down each side to meet a broader band of lace running above the flounce at the hem. Two rows of lace are arranged in a V on the bodice and the centre of the

2. Pale grey voile. The skirt has strappings of white silk arranged on the pleats, which open out fan-wise at the knee. Similar strappings ornament the bodice, which fastens on the left side with white silk rosettes over a muslin chemisette. Hat of dark lace straw with a twist of white silk muslin and cornflowers.



DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL

A MEETING OF THE  
COUNCIL

1. Professor John Millar Thomson, LL.D., F.R.S.

2. Sir George Harris.

3. Sir Frederick Abel, Bart., K.C.B., D.C.L., D.Sc., F.R.G.

4. Francis Cobb.

5. Joseph G. Gordon.

6. Sir Walter S. Pridoux.

7. R. Oldham, M.A., D.C.L., F.S.A.

8. R. Brudenell Carter, F.R.C.S.

9. Major-General Sir Owen Tudor Burne, G.C.I.E., K.C.S.I.

10. H. B. Wheatley, Assistant Secretary.

11. Sir Steuart Colvin Bayley, K.C.S.I., C.I.E.

12. Sir Henry Tremenor Wood, M.A., Secretary.

13. Sir Malcolm Kennedy, K.C.M.G., C.B.

14. Sir John Wolf Berry, K.C.B., F.R.S.

15. Sir John Evans, K.C.B., F.R.S.

16. Sir Frederick Bramall, M.A., D.C.L., F.R.S.

17. The Master of the Rolls, G.C.M.G.

18. Sir William Henry Preece, K.C.B., F.R.S.

19. Sir George Birdwood, K.C.I.E., C.S.I., LL.D., M.D.

20. Lewis Foreman Day.

21. Lord Belhaven and Stenton.

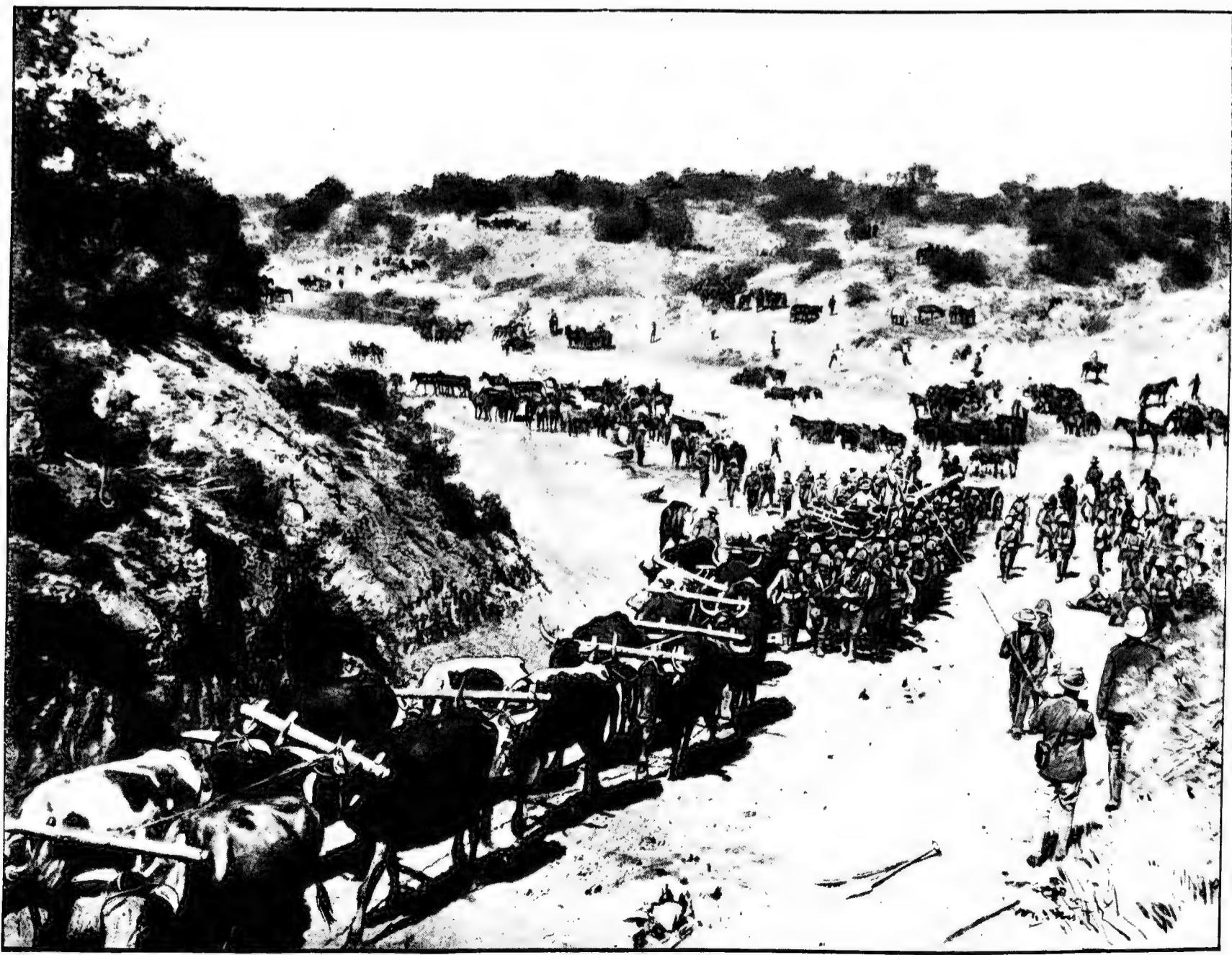
22. William Luson Thomas, R.I.

OF THE  
SOCIETY OF ARTS



The Boers made some little opposition at the Zand River, but soon gave way, and the army and baggage train passed over the drift, the latter experiencing some difficulty. Lord Roberts himself crossed with General Pole-Carew's Division and Gordon's Cavalry Brigade. Our illustration is from a photograph by Lieutenant O. W. A. Elsner, R.A.M.C.

LORD ROBERTS CROSSING THE ZAND RIVER ON HIS FAMOUS MARCH TO PRETORIA



The manner in which the heavy guns are transported is here shown very clearly, and it makes one realise the infinite difficulties attendant upon Lord Roberts's rapid advance. A naval 4.7 gun is being taken over a drift on the Zand River before the entry into Kroonstad, and in addition to a team of thirty

two oxen the sailors accompanying it are hauling on a drag rope to assist in getting the gun up the bank. Our illustration is from a photograph by Lieutenant A. W. A. Elsner, R.A.M.C.

ON THE WAY TO PRETORIA: BRINGING HEAVY GUNS ACROSS A DRIFT



One of the most popular ways of seeing something of the Paris Exhibition is to take a trip continually in movement, and there are nine principal stations, furnished with bridges and staircases. The average height of the platform is 23 feet. It consists of three floors one of which is stationary, the second moves at the rate of two and a half miles an hour, and the third on the moving platform, although occasionally nervous people find a little difficulty in adapting themselves to the travelling pathway. The platform is worked by ten electric motors.

A SLIGHT MISHAP ON THE MOVING PLATFORM AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY PAUL SIGNAC



MAJOR A. S. RALLI  
Died of enteric at Kroonstad



LIEUTENANT THE HON. C. W. H. CAVENDISH  
Killed near Pretoria



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL THE EARL OF AIRLIE  
Killed near Pretoria



LIEUTENANT HUGH WHARTON FIFE  
Killed in action near Johannesburg



LIEUTENANT A. C. F. HOMAN  
Died at Naauwpoort of enteric



LIEUTENANT A. H. MURRAY  
Died of wounds received near Johannesburg



ASSISTANT-SURGEON L. E. JACKSON  
Died of enteric at Pretoria



MAJOR J. A. ORR-EWING  
Killed in action at Kheis



MAJOR COOPER  
Died of enteric at Mooi River



CAPTAIN W. H. TROW  
Died of enteric at Kroonstad



LIEUT. C. G. DANKS  
Died of wounds at Aldershot



CAPTAIN ST. JOHN MEYRICK  
Killed near Johannesburg



CAPTAIN C. S. KEITH  
Killed at Lindley



CAPTAIN SIR J. E. C. POWER  
Died of wounds received at Lindley



LIEUTENANT PATRICK CAMERON  
Died of wounds at Winburg, May 8



LIEUTENANT HARLAND  
Killed in the relief of Mafeking



FROM A SKETCH BY G. FOUCAR

DRAWN BY J. NASH, R.I.  
GENERAL BULLER'S ADVANCE: PURSUING THE FLEEING BOERS AFTER THE FIGHT ON HELPMAKAAR HEIGHTS

The success of the attack on the Helpmakaar Heights was magnificently followed up. The three times, being practically the whole time in the thick smoke of the grass fires, which smoke our men found themselves under heavy fire from the enemy within 200 yards. The South African Light Horse and the Composite Regiment did excellent work

acted almost like fog in hampering their movements. Twice when advancing through the mounted infantry covered at least forty miles and successfully engaged the enemy's rearguard

## The Society of Arts Council

We give this week an illustration of a meeting of the Council of the Society of Arts, one of the oldest of London societies, and one which has changed singularly little in its aims and objects since it began its useful career in the middle of the eighteenth century. Unlike most of its friendly rivals, it has preserved the general and extended tone which was more characteristic of learning and of learned societies then than now, and has always avoided specialisation.

In the middle of the last century there were only three important scientific societies, or at least there were only three which have survived till the present time—the Royal Society for Science, the Society of Antiquaries for Archaeology, and the Society of Arts, which was specially founded to deal with all the arts, manufactures, and commerce, and modestly took to itself all knowledge for its province. Since that time we have been busy specialising. Art is now looked after by the Royal Academy, by several subordinate but important societies, by a department of the State, and by innumerable small associations. Every important branch of manufacture has its own society, while there are important professional institutions, such as the Institution of Civil Engineers, which deal with technical matters, and, to a large extent, with special branches of manufacture. Every centre of industry has its Chamber of Commerce, and there are besides a number of commercial and in-

itself to offering prizes for the development of industry, the production of new inventions and the encouragement of Art. From the time of Reynolds down to our own days it gave prizes to youthful artists, and the prize lists bring us down from the days of Cosway, Nollekens, Romney and Lawrence, to those of Mulready, Landseer, Frith and Millais. At all events, one veteran Royal Academician survives, who took a Society of Arts prize as a boy, in the person of Mr. J. C. Hook. The practice of offering such prizes has now long been abandoned, and Mr. Hook is, perhaps, a solitary survivor among our successful artists. In rewarding invention it paid away very large sums of money—some judiciously, some certainly injudiciously. As time went on it became evident that the most useful way of encouraging invention was not to make a small gift to the inventor, but to afford means by which the inventors of useful processes could obtain public recognition and bring their inventions before the knowledge of the public. Hence arose the practice of holding meetings at which new scientific discoveries and their applications were described and discussed. This practice arose about the early part of the century, was soon developed into a system, and is now the most important part of the Society's work. By means of its meetings and lectures, most of the principal applications of Science and Art to practical purposes have been introduced to the public, and the reports of these meetings form a continuous record of the progress of Applied Science.

As is well known, the Society has always been closely associated

at the commencement of business. The chairman, Sir John W. Barry, is urging the secretary, Sir H. Trueman Wood, to await longer the attention of the members, but to read the minutes once, while, between them, Sir Charles Kennedy strives to delay the inevitable moment by one more word in the Chairman's ear. On the Chairman's left is Sir John Evans. Next him is Sir Frederick Bramwell shaking hands with the Master of the Rolls, congratulating (or condoling with) him on his elevation to a post of greater dignity, but of less storm and stress than that of the Attorney-Generalship he held so long and so well. Then comes Sir George Birdwood, beloved of Indians, and the life and soul of the Society's Indian Section. His flowing humorous talk is but checked for an instant that Mr. H. may catch the likeness. Behind him is Sir William Preece, the eminent electrician, and behind him again is Mr. Lewis Day, the whom is no better authority on decorative art. Next, in the immediate foreground, is Lord Belhaven. On the side of the table facing the Chairman, with his back to us, is Mr. William Luse Thomas; on his left sits Sir Steuart Bayley, who achieved a great reputation in India by his wise administration of the great Province of Bengal. Just behind him is Sir Owen Tudor Burne, known all Anglo-Indians in years gone by as the popular private secretary of successive Viceroys. Facing him is Sir Frederick Abel, prominent among English chemists. Close by is Mr. Brudenell Carter, the distinguished oculist, with Mr. Francis Cobb and Sir Ow Roberts, who have both served several terms of office as treasurer.



Not only in Peking, but in the villages between the capital and Tientsin, the "Boxers" have posted up placards calling upon the readers to kill all foreigners. They have been exciting ignorant superstition against Europeans in this way for some time now

### "KILL THE FOREIGNERS": NATIVES READING AN ANTI-FOREIGN MANIFESTO IN PEKING

DRAWN BY FRANK DADD

dustrial societies dealing with subdivisions of the work which at one time hardly afforded material for a single institution.

Nevertheless the Society of Arts has gone on without restricting its action, or attempting to confine itself to any single department of human knowledge, and yet it is certainly in as prosperous a condition at the present time as it has ever been during its long career. It has shed off a good deal of the labours it originally undertook, and especially it has abandoned the research for pure knowledge either in science or in art, and has contented itself with dealing with the applications of scientific research and artistic study to practical purposes. This was not always so with it. It was the principal Artistic Society till the Royal Academy was founded; it was the great Agricultural Society of the country until the establishment of the Royal Agricultural Society; it had special committees for chemistry and minerals until first the Chemical Society, and afterwards the two institutions specially dealing with applied chemistry, came into existence, and until such institutions as the Iron and Steel Institute occupied themselves with the great question of the production and treatment of our principal minerals. As these and many other similar institutions came into existence, the Society of Arts abandoned to them the investigation of those special subjects with which they were specially intended to deal, but it has always reserved the right to treat those subjects in a general and popular manner, and it still does so from time to time as occasion may arise.

For the first hundred or so years of its existence it mainly devoted

with the movement for International Exhibitions. The Great Exhibition of 1851 was originated by the Society of Arts, and its organisation was carried on until it could be handed over to a Royal Commission, at the head of which was the then President of the Society, H.R.H. the Prince Consort. That wise and judicious Prince took a very active interest in the work of the Society, and at once saw the value of the proposal for holding an exhibition when it was submitted to him by a Committee of the Society of Arts. It was, indeed, the Prince's own personal initiative which converted the idea of a great National Exhibition into a still greater International one. The general management of such extensive and elaborate organisations as International Exhibitions has been rather beyond the functions of a private society, and has generally been carried out by Royal Commissions; but the Society and its officials have taken a very active part in most of the great Exhibitions down to the present date.

The room which is shown in the picture is not the historical meeting-room of the Society, but a smaller room, which was originally intended for meetings of its Committees, and, since the formation of the Council, on the incorporation of the Society in 1847, for its Council meetings.

The artist, Mr. Sydney Hall, has been successful not only in producing a series of excellent portraits—each member of the group is reported to have expressed his admiration of every likeness except his own—but has arranged a most harmonious and picturesque composition, a far more difficult task. The moment chosen is just

the Society. Behind them are Mr. Graham Harris, Professor Milner, Mr. J. G. Gordon, and Sir Walter Prideaux. At the corner of the table, next the secretary, is the assistant secretary, Mr. Wheatley, who, apart from his official work, has made himself a reputation as an archaeologist by his writings on London and his recent edition of *Pepys*.

### The Crisis in China

THE news from China is very grave—so grave, indeed, that the war in South Africa, for the first time since its inception, has been relegated in the daily Press to a place of secondary importance. When the Dowager-Empress a short time since reconstituted the Tsung-li-Yan'en by the retirement of one Chinese member and the appointment of four Manchu members of the anti-foreign complexion, and at the same time Prince Ching was superseded by Prince Tuan, the father of the young Prince who was designated as heir to the throne last winter, the situation in China began to look serious. And now the Empress has thrown off the mask, and has pushed her anti-foreign policy so far as to have practically declared war against all the Powers of Europe. The outrages against Europeans and the massacres of Chinese Christians, which the Chinese Government at first half apologised



DRAWN BY GEORGE SOPER

THE PROCESSION FROM HAWARDEN CHURCH TO THE RAILWAY STATION  
THE FUNERAL OF MRS. GLADSTONE

FROM A SKETCH BY A. COX

## The Late Mrs. Gladstone

MRS. GLADSTONE was the eldest daughter of Sir Stephen Richard Glynne, Bart., of Hawarden Castle, Flintshire, and sister and co-heiress of her brother, the ninth and last baronet. She was born on January 6, 1812, and was brought up at Hawarden, and after the death of her father travelled abroad with her mother and sister. Lady Glynne and her daughters spent the winter of 1838 at Rome, and there they met Mr. Gladstone, who was travelling for the good of his health. Mr. Gladstone and Miss Catherine Glynne, who were not even then unacquainted, very shortly became engaged, and were married at Hawarden on July 25, 1839. After their marriage Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Gladstone lived with Sir John Gladstone at 6, Carlton Gardens, and afterwards at 13, Carlton House Terrace. In 1851 Sir John Gladstone died, and five years later Mr. Gladstone bought 11, Carlton House Terrace, where he and Mrs. Gladstone lived for twenty years, afterwards living for four years at 73, Harley Street, or, when in office, at Downing Street. Their country residence was mainly at Hawarden Castle, which they shared with Mrs. Gladstone's brother, Sir Stephen, until 1874, when, on her brother's death, Mrs. Gladstone became the sole possessor of the estate. Mrs. Gladstone came of an ancient Welsh family, from which Lord Wolverton and Sir Richard Glynne, of Ewell, Surrey, are also descended. Hawarden Castle belonged to James Stanley, Earl of Derby, who was executed after the battle of Worcester, and Serjeant Glynne, having managed to obtain possession of his estate, contrived to hold it after the Restoration. The present castle was built in 1752, of red brick, but Sir William Glynne covered the walls with stucco, and built some turrets.

For many years Mrs. Gladstone lived quietly at home, but she always took a keen interest in the affairs of the day, and especially



Born January 6, 1812

THE LATE MRS. GLADSTONE

Died June 14, 1900

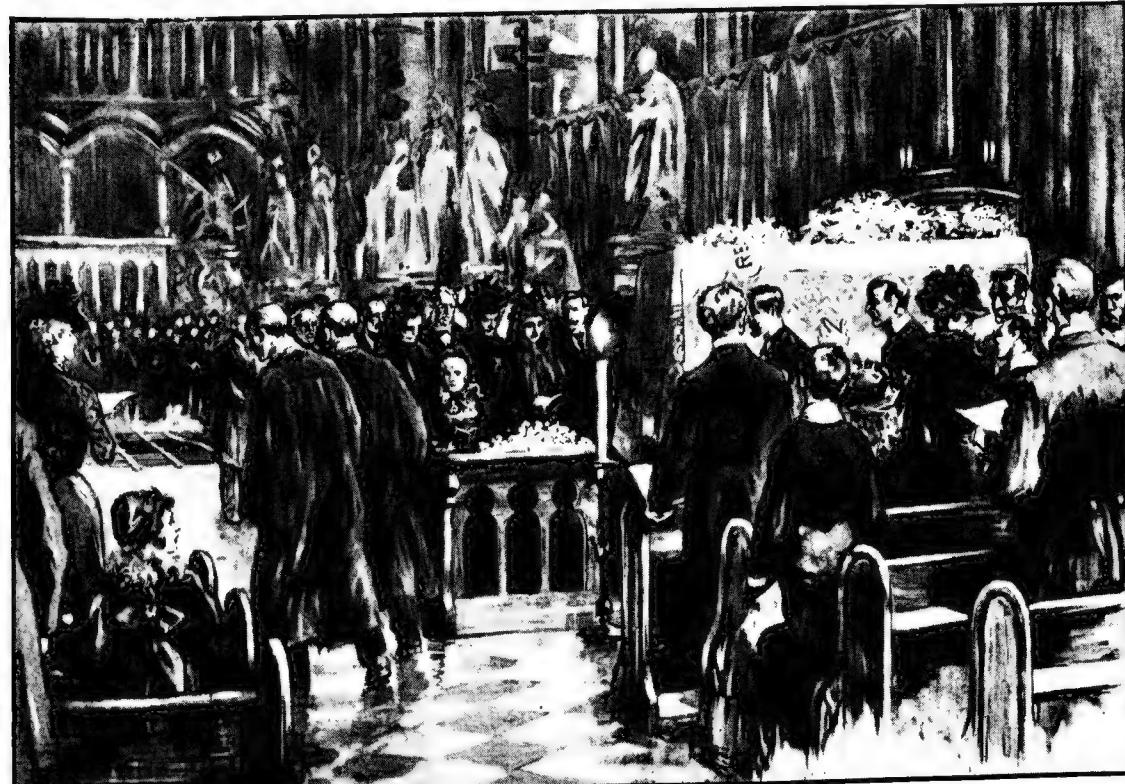
for and pretended to be desirous of suppressing, were almost openly encouraged. The fleets of the Powers landed a force composed as follows:—British 915, German 350, Russian 300, French 158, American 104, Japanese 52, Italian 40, and Austrian 25. This force, under the command of Admiral Sir Edward Seymour, advancing along the railway between Tientsin and Peking, found the "Boxers" in considerable force at Langfang on the 11th inst., and engaged them. They fled, leaving 35 killed, while there were no casualties on our side. But Admiral Seymour's position became serious as he advanced nearer to Peking, for he was then confronted by the Chinese Imperial troops, with large bodies of "Boxers" in its rear. Besides, water was scarce and commissariat lacking. In face of these difficulties it was at first said that Admiral Seymour's mixed force had been compelled to retire to Tientsin, but later reports announced its safe arrival at Peking and the safety of the Legations. In the meantime a serious outbreak had taken place in Peking, and Chinese professing Christianity, or engaged in European service, were massacred in wholesale fashion, and foreign property was pillaged and burnt.

It is satisfactory to find the Powers acting together in facing the common danger. On Sunday the combined fleets bombarded the Chinese forts at Taku, after addressing an ultimatum to the Commander summoning him to withdraw his troops. The bombardment lasted seven hours, and the forts were then stormed. Two of the forts appear to have been blown up and the rest carried by assault. Four Chinese destroyers

were captured. Many Europeans were killed, and a Berlin telegram from Chefoo states—although the report was afterwards contradicted—that two British ships were sunk in the river between the forts, and that telegraphic communication between Taku and Tientsin has been stopped and that communications by water are endangered.

All the principal Powers represented in Chinese waters are sending reinforcements. A large force of native troops from India has been ordered to proceed to China, and Japan is also sending troops to aid in suppressing the revolt. Although we only know that the British sloop *Algerine*, and the destroyers *Fane* and *Whiting*, and the German gunboat *Illyris*, were engaged in the bombardment of Taku, it is computed that there are some fifty warships off that place.

Rear-Admiral Bruce, who, in the absence of Admiral Seymour at Tientsin, is in command at Taku, has under him the battleships *Barfleur* and *Centurion*, the first-class cruisers *Orlando*, *Aurora*, and *Endymion*, the second-class cruiser *Hermione*, the sloops *Algerine* and *Phoenix*, three destroyers and a despatch vessel, while the *Undaunted*, the *Terrible* and the sloop *Daphne* have left Hong Kong to join them. Russia has two battleships, one second-class cruiser, half a dozen gunboats and some torpedo boats; the United States has only one cruiser and four small vessels; Japan has five ships; Germany four cruisers and the gunboat *Illyris*; France a new first-class and two second-class cruisers and a couple of gunboats; Italy two second-class cruisers; and Austria one small cruiser.



THE FUNERAL OF MRS. GLADSTONE: THE SERVICE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

in philanthropic movements. At the time of the famine which followed on the failure of the cotton supply, owing to the Civil War in America, Mrs. Gladstone was one of those who made it a special object to alleviate the sufferings and distress of the starving operatives. Many institutions in Chester and elsewhere owe their success to her energy and supervision, and among them the Convalescent Home which she established and always supported. Mrs. Gladstone was President of the Women's Liberal Federation until May, 1893, when she was succeeded by Lady Aberdeen. If there was one thing more than another for which Mrs. Gladstone's name will live, it will be for the beautiful devotion with which she unobtrusively helped her husband throughout his long and active life. Towards the end, during Mr. Gladstone's last days in office, when his increasing blindness made her care all the more necessary, she accompanied him to Windsor to take farewell of Her Majesty when he resigned his seals. During the operation for cataract in Mr. Gladstone's eyes, and during his last illness, she was constant in her care of him. During the two years by which she survived him she lived in complete retirement at Hawarden.

The coffin containing the remains of Mrs. Gladstone was removed from Hawarden Castle to the village church at half-past eight on Monday morning. There was an early celebration of Holy Communion in the church, and the coffin was left in the chancel during the day to allow villagers and others an opportunity of taking a farewell look at it. The first portion of the funeral service was held in the church in the evening, and at the close the funeral procession set out to Hawarden Station, whence a special train with the body left for London at 7.45. The procession was headed by the cross and the clergy, and the coffin was conveyed to the station on a bier. The bearers were chosen from the tenants of the estate. The family, the household servants, and some friends accompanied the train conveying the remains to Euston Station. On Tuesday the remains were laid to rest in the grave in Westminster Abbey, where lies the body of Mr. Gladstone. The funeral was private, being only attended by members of the family and personal friends. The Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales were both represented at the service. Our portrait is by Fradelle and Young.

Lord Bangor

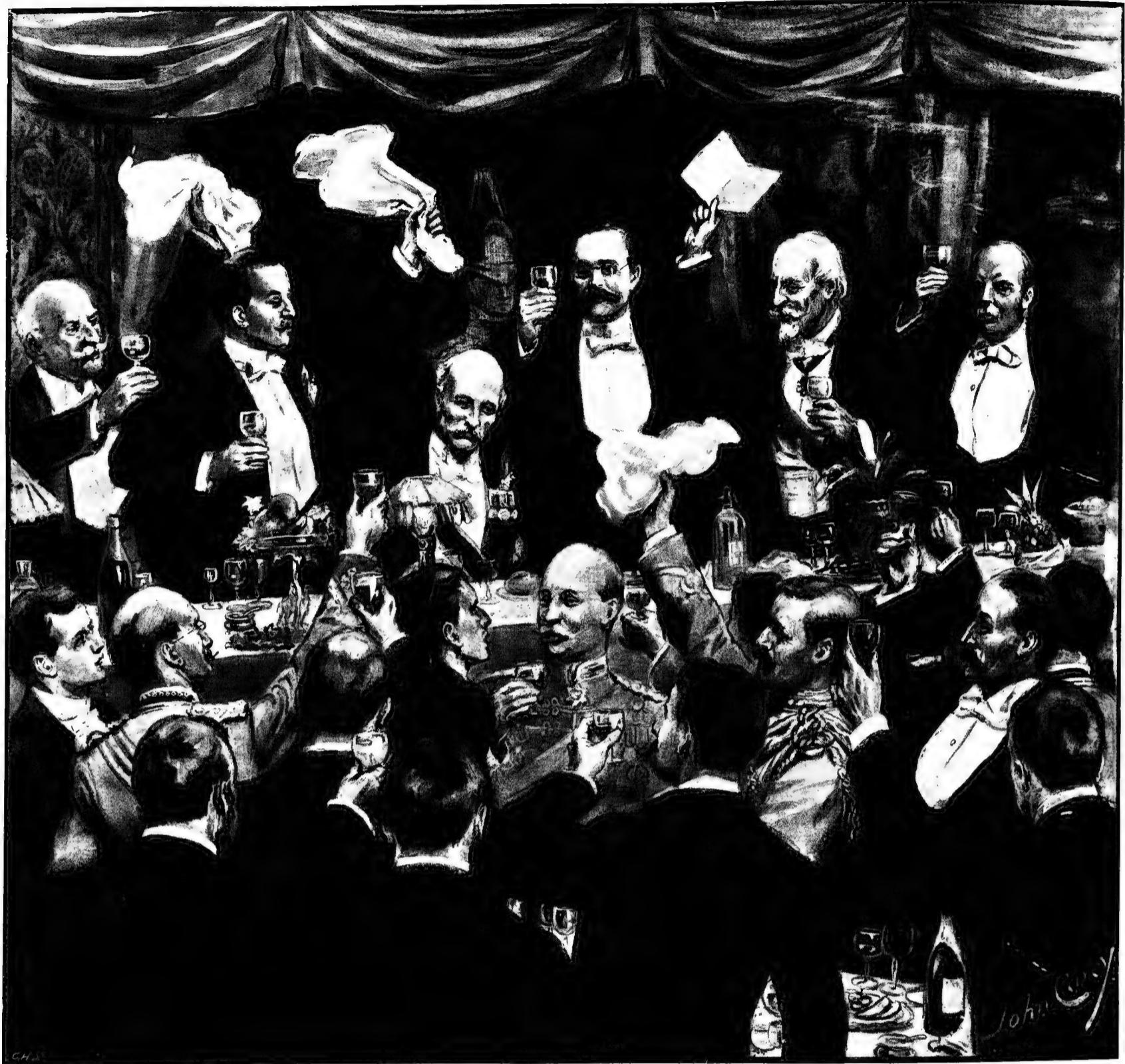
Lord Shaftesbury

Sir George White, V.C.

Lord Mayor of Belfast

Lord Dufferin

Sir James Henderson



Sir George White, who was the guest of the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava last week, was presented with the Freedom of the City of Belfast on the Tuesday, and was afterwards entertained at a banquet in

the Ulster Hall. Lord Dufferin proposed the health of Sir George White, who, at the beginning of his reply, read General Buller's telegram announcing the capture of Laing's Nek and Majuba.

THE BANQUET TO SIR GEORGE WHITE, V.C., AT ULSTER HALL, BELFAST  
FROM A SKETCH BY JOHN CAREY

## The Gystander

*"Stand by."*—CAPTAIN CUTILE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

GRADUALLY a change is coming o'er comfortable Conservative Bloomsbury. The Russell Institution has been disestablished, the dignified repose of Russell Square has departed with the erection of the new hotel and the re-fronting of many of the old houses. The latest innovation in this direction I hear of, is the closing of the Music Hall, Store Street. This must not be confounded with modern places of entertainment known under this title. It existed long before the merry variety shows of recent times were invented, and its mission was of an entirely different order. It was a good, well-arranged hall, and was available for concerts, select dances, public meetings and lectures. I remember being taken there when I was a very small boy and hearing Albert Smith on the "Overland Mail." At the same period, in the same hall, I first saw John Parry in an entertainment called, I think, the "Portfolio for Children of all Ages." I can also recall juvenile impersonations given subsequently by myself at home to a very limited audience, a faint imitation of the aforesaid public favourites. Later on come visions

of dances at this hall, somewhat dull but extremely decorous, and there were also dances at another hall, in Chenies Street hard by—now swept away altogether—which were anything but dull. Indeed, I have a recollection of a fancy ball there that was of the liveliest description.

Great complaints reach me from those whose windows are in too close proximity to the most recently erected electric-lamp bearers. One individual informs me that he cannot get a wink of sleep all night on account of the blinding light that pierces his bedroom blinds. He says he shall have to put up extra-thick dark blinds to every window looking on the street, and he wishes to know if he will be recouped for his outlay by the authorities. I do not know, but I should rather think he would have to bear the expense of it himself. As a general rule the authorities are not very handy at recouping, unless they are compelled, and I do not know that there is any ground for legal compulsion in this instance. There is but little doubt, however, that the eyesight of London is suffering from the increased brilliancy of artificial light. Evidence of this is to be found in the advertisements of spectacles which specially provide against the glare of modern illumination in both electricity and gas. In a few years' time we shall probably see most Londoners in blue goggles. And a pretty set of objects they will look.

We have scarcely recovered from our astonishment at the absurdity of the proposal to bring tram-lines to Ludgate Circus, when we are appalled by the equally ridiculous proposition to introduce similar obstructions in Piccadilly Circus. It is difficult to understand

what advantage could be possibly gained by either of these propositions being carried out. Seeing that the termini of tramways at present in existence create quite sufficient interruption to the general traffic the southern side of Westminster Bridge and the junction of Euston Road and the Tottenham Court Road may be cited as other examples—the introduction of tram-lines any closer to the centre of London would most assuredly bring about serious difficulties. The promoters of these wild schemes—who just as strangely enough, seem to have fixed upon circuses for their experiments—appear to forget for what purposes these open spaces were designed. The circus was constructed in order to give room at the junction of four or more crowded thoroughfares for anything is done to impede the traffic at the points alluded to it is no longer any reason for the existence of the circus. The idea of tramways for Hampstead Heath convinces one that it is high time to protest against the further development of tramways in the wrong place.

Being one of the first to call attention to the proposed demolition of the houses on the west side of Lincoln's Inn Fields, I am glad to find that the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Buildings presented a memorial to the London County Council asking them to use their influence towards the preservation of these fine mansions, some of which are reported to be the work of Jones. As far as I can see, judging from the plans, there is no reason for their removal, as they do not in any way interfere with the new street. It is sincerely to be hoped the memorial will have the attention it deserves.

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## Our Portraits

THE REV. JOSEPH ODELL, who has been elected to the Presidency of the Primitive Methodist Conference, now meeting in Bristol, is a Bedfordshire man, a native of Dunstable. He is in his fifty-fourth year, and has seen thirty-five years of ministerial service. A man of fine physique, with a musical voice, a choice diction, and an uncommon magnetic and dramatic personality, he early came to fame. In a time of crisis, he was sent to Brooklyn, U.S.A., and amply justified the confidence reposed in him. Returning to England, he spent five years in Leicester, removing thence to Birmingham, where he has exercised his ministry for fifteen years. At a cost of 8,000*l.* he built the Conference Hall, and has gathered a regular congregation of 1,000 persons. He is an athlete, finding recreation in cricket. Our portrait is by Mountfort, Birmingham.

DR. THOMAS MYLES has been appointed president of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland. Dr. Myles is an F.R.C.S.I., a Fellow of the Royal Academy of Medicine of Ireland, and an ex-President of the Univ. Biol. Assoc., in addition to holding many other important appointments. He is the author of various papers on anatomical and surgical subjects. Our portrait is by Bourne and Shepherd, Calcutta.

THE REV. JOSEPH ODELL  
President of the Primitive Methodist Conference

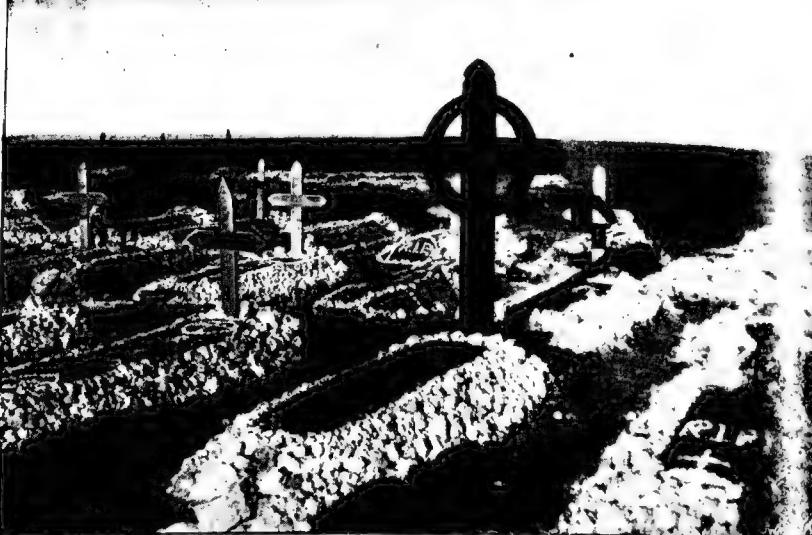
## Mr. N. W. Bancroft

MR. N. W. BANCROFT has been presented, by special command of the Queen, with the Victorian Order and Her Majesty's signed photograph. The presentation was made by the Viceroy of India at the Viceregal Lodge, troops being drawn upon the lawn before the house. Lord Curzon, before presenting the Order, addressed the recipient in a few well-chosen words briefly reviewing the veteran's services. Mr. Bancroft joined the East India Company Artillery in 1833, and is now seventy-seven years old. He served in Jodhpur in 1838 and the Sutlej Campaign of 1845-46, was present at the battle of Mudkee, was wounded at Ferozeshah, and was in the fight at Sobraon which broke the Sikh power. In 1850-54 he took part in the action against the Mahrattas and the hill tribes, and was all through the Mutiny, being at Meerut on May 10, 1857, in the engagements round Delhi, the siege and capture of Lucknow. In the Rohilkhand Campaign, including the siege and capture of Bareilly, he was wounded three times, and holds four medals with eight clasps. After thirty-five years in the Army he obtained a situation in civil employ as Deputy Superintendent of Bhowanipur Lunatic Asylum, where he served twenty-two years and was granted a special civil pension. Mr. Bancroft is the oldest member of the Army. Besides working in the cause of temperance in India, having signed the pledge in 1859, he is senior member of the governing body over which the Commander-in-Chief presides. He took part in firing the salute on Her Majesty's accession, and assisted in firing the salute on the occasion of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee. Our portrait is by Bourne and Shepherd, Calcutta.

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DR. THOMAS MYLES  
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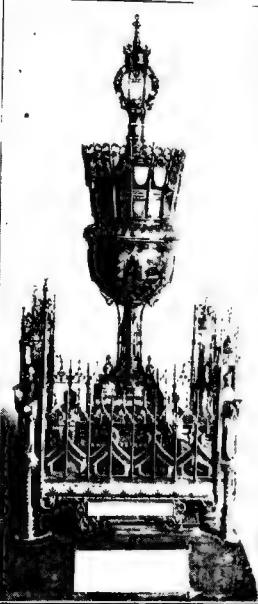


Lieutenant Stephen Douglas Barrow, R.E., died at Modder of gastric fever on March 8, and was buried there. Born in 1876, he joined the Royal Engineers in 1896. He had been acting as Adjutant to the 1st Battalion, Royal Engineers, when he died.

THE GRAVE OF LIEUTENANT BARROW, R.E.

## Challenge Cup for Brass Band Contest

ONE of the principal features of the International Music Exhibition at the Crystal Palace will be the Brass Band Contest. A magnificent trophy of the value of 1,000*l.* is to be presented to the best band. It consists of a loving cup with cover, supported by a pedestal and platform, all of silver gilt, richly adorned with enamels and jewels, the whole standing over thirty-six inches high. The cup is ten and a half inches in diameter, is supported on a stem and foot of varied plan, and is pierced with tracery and enriched with jewels. Suitable inscriptions and devices in enamel and engraving, both on the cup and stand, commemorate the object of the design. Eighteen designs for this loving cup were submitted to the judges, one of whom was Sir E. J. Poynter, P.R.A., who selected for the first prize that by Mr. S. J. Nicholl.



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### New Novels

#### "HILDA WADE"

The late Mr. Grant Allen's "Hilda Wade" (Grant Allen) seems to be a serious attempt, in the form of a story of sensational adventure, to contrast the respective processes of masculine analysis and feminine intuition. As the matter has been less scientifically stated, while the mere man is slowly getting to the bottom of a staircase, or what not, step by step, the woman takes a flying leap and gets there first, neither she nor anybody else knows how. To such an extent has Hilda Wade cultivated the anti-logical faculty as to be able to predict, with accuracy, the murder of his newly married wife by an amiable Queen's Counsel, and this without any tangible evidence beyond the set of the lady's back and style of hair. Opposed to her—not merely psychologically, but as deadly enemies—is the world-famous physiologist, Professor Sebastian, a veritable incarnation of science and its methods, but a very baby in the hands of the scarcely less than omniscient Hilda. He tries to get rid of her by blood poisoning, by exciting a rising of the Matabele, by trying to get her murdered by Buddhist Lamas, but consistently fails in everything save in providing material for an exciting plot conceived and carried out in its author's most vigorous vein. It is only to be hoped that the novel will not prove too

effective an encouragement to people of either sex to cultivate the already far too prevalent art of jumping headlong to conclusions about everybody and everything. It is only a cat who can be trusted not to reach the bottom upside down.

#### "HIS LORDSHIP'S LEOPARD"

Anybody who is unable to guess how a well-conducted young woman could be married thirty-seven times in four years without the assistance of death, divorce, or polygamy, may obtain satisfaction from Mr. David Dwight Wells's "His Lordship's Leopard" (William Heinemann). As Mr. Wells, in his preface, objects—very naturally and properly—to any application to himself of "the higher criticism," whatever that may be, we will say nothing loftier of the pun which constitutes the point and *dénouement* of his story than that nothing is so easy as to make puns on people's names when the punster himself has the privilege of naming them. The author also informs us that a former work of his was so amusing as to make an old lady forget a toothache. It is not impossible that the good broad farce of Part I. of "His Lordship's Leopard" may be equally efficacious; always supposing that the ache is not of immoderate intensity. Of Part II. we can only say that it illustrates the tendency of nearly all farce-writers to spoil the effect of their own fun through not knowing how very much more, in their

craft, is the half than the whole. The normally constituted who has laughed through Part I. will have forgotten how to sh at a very early period of Part II. None the less, the laugh w have been worth having; even though it is not quite easy to so while fresh from the influences of the subsequent depression.

#### "THE VALLEY OF THE GREAT SHADOW"

"The Great Shadow" of Annie E. Holdsworth's (Mrs. Lee Hamilton's) novel (William Heinemann) is Consumption; the "Valley" is one of those Alpine resorts for the victims of the shadow to die in, and meanwhile to make the best of life they can. The conditions of the story are, consequently, anything but cheerful; though inasmuch as it treats of the love affairs of no fewer than six couples, of the child-romance of a seventh, and the matrimonial failure of an eighth, it cannot be charged with lack of variety. Not more than four of the ladies propose directly or virtually, to backward gentlemen; while the case of suicide, actual or attempted, are certainly no more than three. That its groundwork, and a certain morbidity of tone inseparable therefrom, should suggest a comparison with the well-known "Ship that Pass in the Night" is inevitable. But this is not more inevitable than that any two treatments, however independent of an exceptionally limited set of conditions should have points of contact here and there. Mrs. Lee Hamilton's work is apparently, even obviously, the result of an observation that owes nothing to that of others; its atmosphere is only too sadly real; and a less sombre treatment would almost have been tantamount to defective sympathy.

#### "THE PLAIN MISS CRAY"

Miss Florence Warden's "The Plain Miss Cray" (F. V. White & Co.) will scarcely add to her laurel which does not mean, of course, that it will necessarily diminish them. The plot—what there is of it—is concerned with a bigamy committed by a young woman who married the landlord of a murdered tenant in order, in some inconceivable manner, to divert suspicion from her real husband; a situation which naturally puzzled people for a time, and, very unnaturally, failed to puzzle them when the removal of the first husband left the lady free to indulge her affection for the second. Miss Cray, though she gives her title to the novel, is merely a subordinate character of a well-known type—the rude young person who begins by calling a man a cad to his face, and ends by marrying him. The scene is laid in Ireland; but there is no appreciable attempt at giving it a distinctive colour.



The old English Church at Rio de Janeiro has recently been restored in a very thorough manner, and the two views which we publish, showing the striking improvement, will be of interest to all who remember the building wherein English worshippers were wont to congregate.

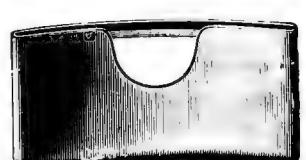
THE ENGLISH CHURCH AT RIO DE JANEIRO

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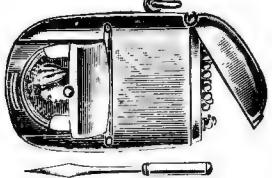
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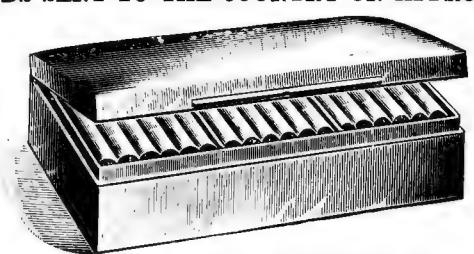
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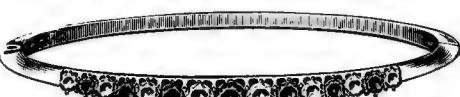


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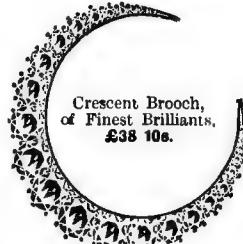
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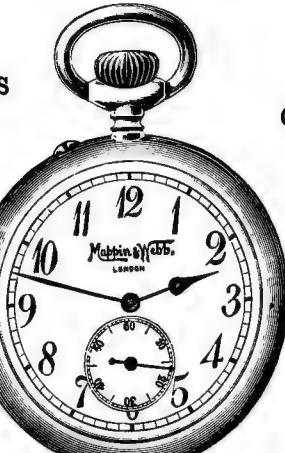
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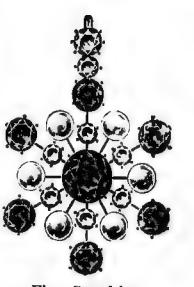


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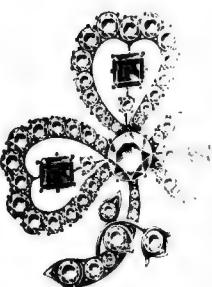


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## Books on Sport

CRICKET ANNUALS.—Foremost among books on cricket is "John Wisden's Cricketers' Almanack" (John Wisden and Co.), the 37th annual edition of which is just published. The annual, which is edited by Sydney H. Pardon, besides giving the laws of cricket, the rules of County Cricket, and particulars of all County, University and Public School matches last year, with full scores, contains an article on Public School Cricket, by W. J. Ford, "Suggested Reforms," by Lord Harris and A. G. Steel, an obituary of cricketers who died last year, full details as to the Australian tour, good average tables, and fixtures for this year.—"James Lillywhite's Cricketers' Annual" (James Lillywhite, Frowd and Co.), treats the year's cricket in much the same way, an interesting chapter being one called "A Few Loose Strings," by F. S. Ashley Cooper, which gives some interesting records and curiosities of cricket, in which we find that the highest individual score last year was one of 628, not out, by Collins in a match at Clifton College between Clerke's House against North Town. The smallest total of the year was 0 by Appleby School against Appleby on May 27.—"Bat and Ball" (Simpkin Marshall), compiled by J. H. Lester, is a new publication giving individual cricket records from 1864 to 1900. The alphabetical index of scores of 50 runs and upwards is most useful, and the book makes an admirable supplement to either of the two older annuals. The list of yearly batting averages is also valuable.—"The Evening News Cricket Annual" gives the fixtures for this year, with results of corresponding matches in 1899; averages for last year, and some curious records. It is an admirable little book for 1d.

It has always been a matter of surprise to us that hawking has not become more popular in England, although, according to Mr. F. B. Michell, the author of "The Art and Practice of Hawking" (Methuen), a great and increasing curiosity, and even a real interest in the subject prevails at the present time. The object of the writer in producing this work is, by discussing the birds used in the chase, and the manner of training and flying them, to induce some sports-

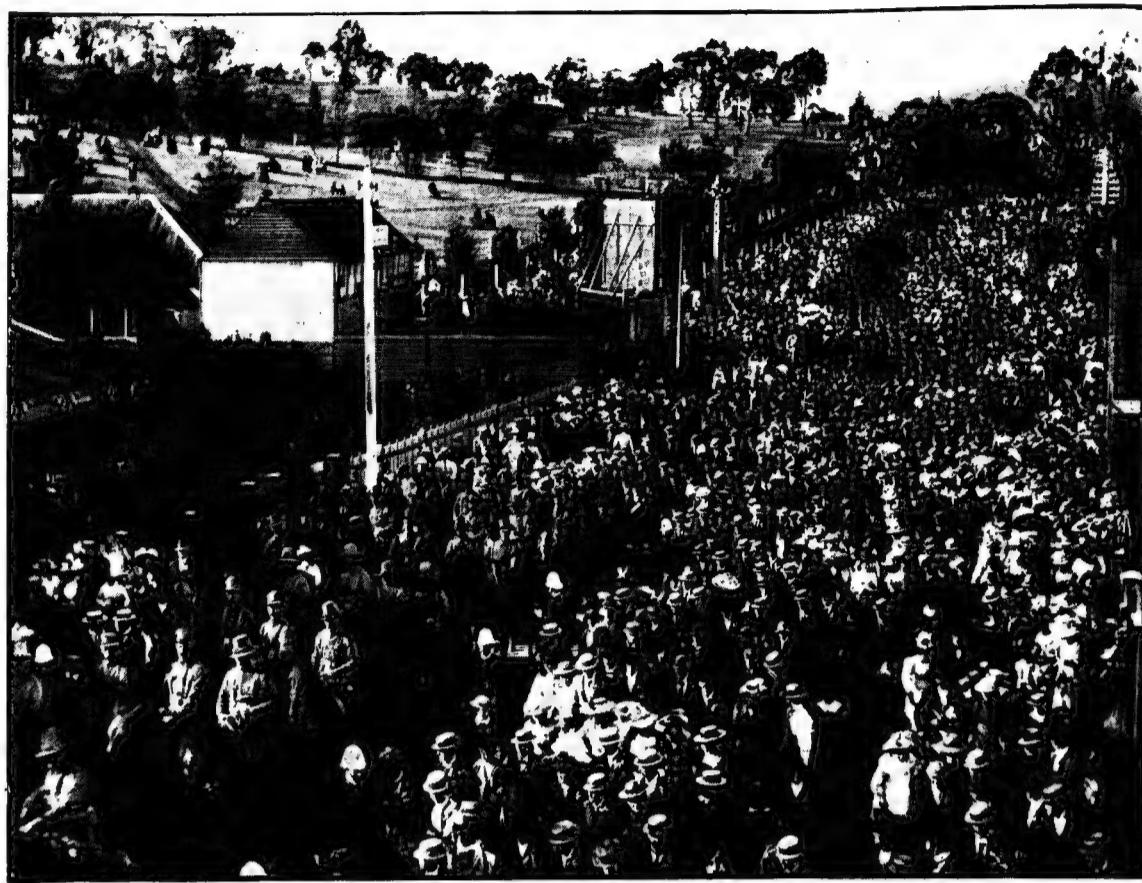
men to give this old and honourable sport a trial. The work is of too technical a character to discuss in these columns, but we can tell our readers that Mr. Michell has had thirty years' experience of the sport, and is, therefore, fully qualified to speak on the subject. His history of hawking is extremely interesting, and his instructions as to the rearing, training, and flying the birds are exceedingly clear. The book is well worth reading, and we sincerely hope that the author's wish will be

illustrations of the best-known sportsmen and sportswomen of Europe and America, and a description of the principal pack-hounds in France. Considering that the sketches number nearly a hundred, they are necessarily extremely slight, but for all that contain much that is interesting, although nothing new. English sportsmen and women, he mentions Lady Florence I (riding and yachting), the Hon. R. Guinness (rowing), Mrs. B. (archery), Dr. W. G. Grace, and others. Mr. Paul Caill contributes a clever and written preface, in which he compares sport in England and France.

## BOOKS OF REFERENCE.

"Kelly's Handbook to the Title Landed and Official Classe (Kelly's Directories, Limited) includes, in one alphabetical arrangement, the names of all those who have any definite position arising either from hereditary rank or peers (with all their children), baronets; from any recognizable or order—Privy Councillors, Knights and Companions of Orders; from their positions as members of Parliament; from all of the higher grades of diplomatic, legal, naval, military, clerical, Colonial or Civil Services of the State; deputy-lieutenants, magistrates, Q.C.'s, presidents and vice-presidents of learned societies, and the principal landowners. This valuable work is now published for the twenty-sixth successive year.—The Girls' Public School Company issue an illustrated history of the High Schools founded by them. The Company was formed in 1872, and the first school was opened in the following year in Chelsea. The Company has now thirty-three schools. "Burdett's Official Nursing Directory" (Scientific Press, Limited), by Sir Henry Burdett, is a most useful book, not only to nurses but to those who require their services. To begin with, there is an outline of the principal laws which affect nurses. That is followed by details of the general and other hospitals and infirmaries where

they are trained, lists of nursing institutions, agencies and homes with particulars of each. Colonial, American, and foreign institutions form another list, while Provident funds, examining bodies and associations for the benefit of nurses makes another section of the book, which concludes with a directory of nurses.



The greatest enthusiasm was displayed at Hobart when a contingent of Tasmanians for the front in South Africa embarked. Before the men left they were entertained to a banquet at the Town Hall by the girls of Hobart. When they marched aboard a thousand Volunteers kept the route, and 200 girls, dressed in white with scarlet sashes, stood at the gangway waving small flags. The contingent numbered 130 men with 150 horses. Our photograph is by Dr. Harry Benjafield

TASMANIAN TROOPS FOR THE FRONT: THE DEPARTURE OF THE CONTINGENT FROM HOBART

fulfilled, for hawking is certainly one of the most fascinating, as it is one of the most picturesque of sports.

From Messrs. Flammarion, Paris, we have received a volume entitled "Le Monde du Sport," by Baron de Vaux, in which the author gives short biographies, accompanied by portraits and other

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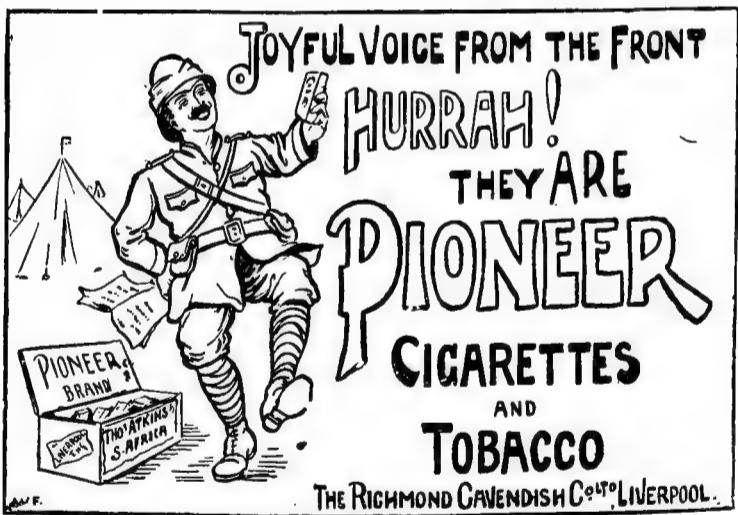
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*Pears*



*If dad could only see me now!*

I've sneaked his tub!

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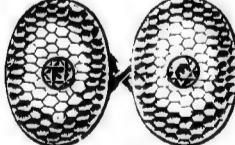


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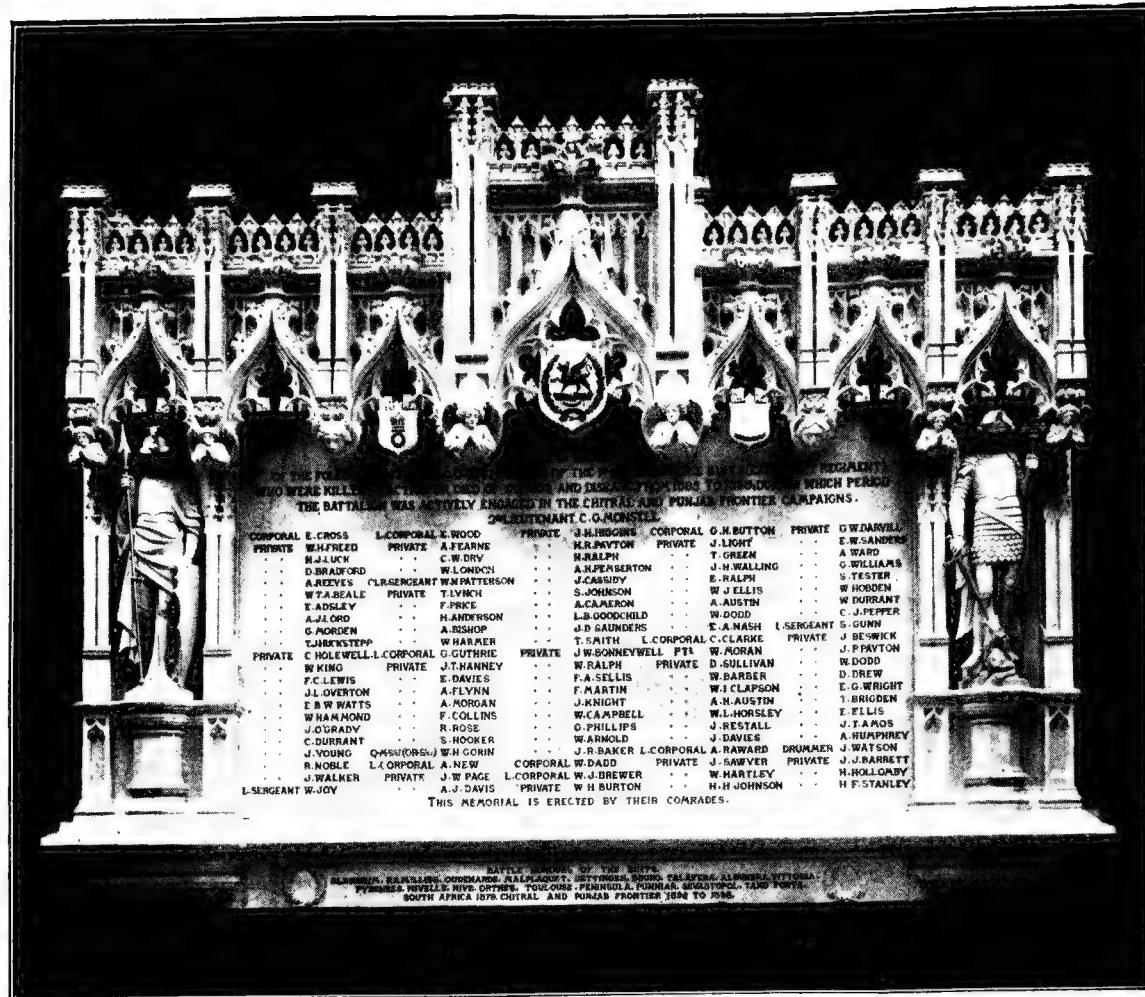
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## Tural Notes

## THE SEASON

The magnificent show of roses this year is taken by many as denoting that plant life in general has done well, and has not by any means suffered from the long, ungenial spring. It must, we fear, be asserted that the roses, fine as they are, only demonstrate that that particular flower attains its best when the first fortnight of June unites heat with frequent showers. The aspect of the meadows is not at all satisfactory; the hay crop is now certain to be under an average. Nor is the promise of the wheat crop considered within three bushels of what it was at midsummer of last year. The barley has improved a little of late, but in too many districts the ravages of the wireworm have been so serious as to render complete recovery impossible. Oats need more rain, and the May-sown root crops come on but slowly. The garden when roses are at their best needs no other glory, but geraniums, petunias and fuchsias, rhododendrons, late irises and early poppies are all doing well whereon artificial supplies of water have been forthcoming. The rhododendrons and the poppies are said not to need much moisture, but the truer observation would appear to be that what they really appreciate is a very porous soil with adequate moisture draining through it at frequent intervals. The high price of vegetables and fruit is causing much dissatisfaction to the middle classes, and we fear that a ring among the middlemen is the chief cause. The suburban greengrocer and fruiterer is often an even severer sufferer than the private consumer, for if the latter does not get what he wants at reasonable terms he goes without it or changes his source of supply.



The monument at Canterbury Cathedral in memory of the 1st Buffs who fell in the Chitral and North-West Indian Frontier Campaign was unveiled last week by Princess Louise. After the ceremony the sculptor, Mr. Thomas Rudge, was presented to Her Royal Highness. The monument is of the early decorated style, 8 feet 6 inches by 6 feet 6 inches, with statues in niches on either side of St. George and St. Michael. The centre shield is the regiment's badge and motto, the small shield on the left is the Rose and Crown of the regiment (united red and white rose) while the other shield is the White Horse of Kent. The seven elaborately carved canopies are 10 inches projection from the cathedral nave wall. The canopies, statues, side niches are of Caen stone, while the centre portion is of white marble. The sword, spear, cross, &c., the statues are holding are of white metal. The work was executed and designed by Mr. Thomas Rudge, Sculptor, of Clapham Common.

## THE MEMORIAL TO THE 1ST BUFFS AT CANTERBURY

MUTTON  
"Cheap butchers" in the suburbs are already announcing that there is "no more mutton." The price has gone beyond what they

be not so infrequent that a visitor may be there hours at the show and never know it is a feature. There should also be horse-jumping, and we see no objection to trials of speed as well. The

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know their humble customers or can pay. The causes are told—first, the heavy tax among the lambs, which causes a prudent farmer to refuse to and secondly, the extreme cost of spring keep, which has made up to the farmer but will part. There is no doubt such farmers as have been to get through the winter few losses in their flocks, and had sufficient keep, are now in very large sums indeed, but must be borne in mind that are a very small minority, and it is the supply of mutton for the majority which fixes the price.

## PANEM ET CIRCENSES

We have good reason for believing that the agriculturalists from May 1 to June 16 did not, as a rule, pay their way, and drier weather than usual is the customary explanation is not coming. What is the then, of the comparatively small attendance? We venture suggestions. Has any agricultural society had the courage to let the profits of letting the hall to the highest tender, charge of half-a-crown, or three and sixpence, for a dish of cold beef and salad as usual. Now, this would be vast injury were the consequence the class which fills "Prin" or the "Carlton." Unfortunately it is demanded of consumers that a very livelihood compels them to know pretty exactly what things cost, while their country gives them an appetite which cannot be neglected. The second suggestion relates to the pleasures of the show. There should always be not merely a band but a good one, and the music should

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lectures on "bee-keeping," the "best breed of poultry," and the like might well be freshened up, and when the shows are held in June, July and August attention should be given to providing a good tea within marquees that could be open in fine weather while admitting of due protection against thundershowers.

## VARIOUS FOODS

We seem to be buying rather less potatoes than formerly from foreign countries, but of onions our yearly importations have now risen to 7,000,000 bushels, a figure never before equalled. Probably the prosperity of the town classes is indicated, and the onion is one of their most regular luxuries. Our importation of foreign apples, pears, cherries and plums is diminishing. Mr. Gladstone's crusade in favour of home fruit-growing did good, and the movement continues. Of foreign fruits, such as grapes, oranges and lemons, our imports are steadily mounting. This again seems to indicate more money to spend as luxuries. The fact that our imports of lemons are only one-fifth those of oranges is surprising, as lemons have so many uses. But the marmalade trade takes prodigious quantities of oranges,

and the poor also greatly affect the fruit. Of butter, margarine, cheese and milk the latest figures bring us no further than 1898. This is an inexcusable slackness on the part of the Board of Trade, and is injurious to all interested parties whether importers or home producers. Another error is to group rabbits, poultry, lard and eggs together. Such a heterogeneous total serves no useful purpose. Neither should malt, hops, molasses, sago and rice be lumped together. Agricultural members should ask for better returns from the Board of Trade. The returns from the Board of Agriculture are much more up to date.

## "THE ROYAL"

The gathering at York opened on cool and cloudy but perfectly dry weather, and bids fair to result in that surplus for which the Executive have so long sighed. The situation is not so far from York itself as was that chosen for the Birmingham show from Birmingham, and while the beauty of the situation at Maidstone has not been rivalled, the city of York is well served with cheap excursion trains from a large industrial district. London exceeds

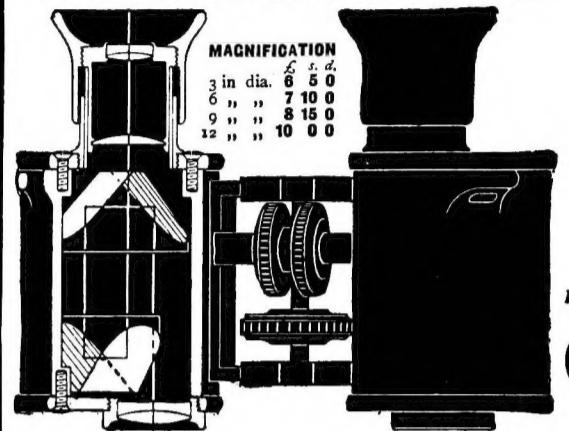
in its population the area on which York draws, but the railway companies of the north and of the south differ in enterprise to an extent quite capable of itself to account for the failure of any shire dependent on a southern line. The Yorkshireman's interest in the horse is another fortunate circumstance for the "Royal," which its splendid—probably unique—collection of horses of every type and breed is a source of intense pleasure to every visitor bred south of Durham or north of Notts. The Shorthorn cattle are on the native heath in Yorkshire and easily surpass the other breeds, though the Aberdeen Angus are a sturdy contingent from North Britain, and it is surprising how well the Channel Islands' cattle do even north of the Trent. Sheep are not the strong point of the year's Royal, but the *melange* of northern and southern breeds has its own special features of interest, Cheviots being brought face to face with Southdowns, and the West of England Shropshires confronting the Long-wooled breed. Pigs are not exhibited this year, but the big show of implements—the best which we remember takes up all the space usually allotted between machinery and the show of swine.

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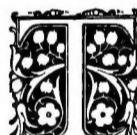
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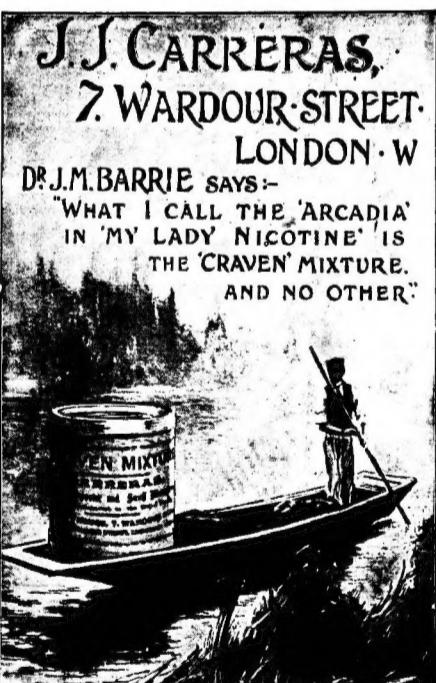
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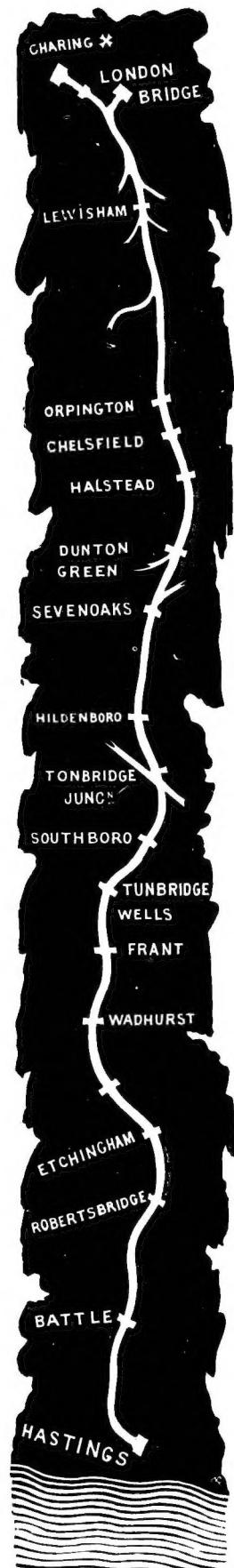
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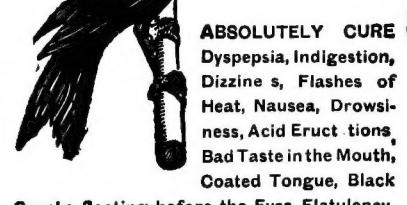
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